

From the Funeral Steele of Demetra and Pamphile

Vol. XIII - No. 3

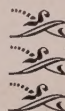
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IN THIS ISSUE:

The Life and Works

of

George
DROSINIS

THE POET

and

Gregorios
XENOPOULOS

THE NOVELIST-PLAYWRIGHT

and their Contribution
to Modern Greek Letters

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Poetry
Short Stories
Features
and Translations

by

GEORGE DROSINIS
GREGORIOS XENOPOULOS
Prof. D. GEORGACAS
EDLA NAZOS
NICHOLAS ECONOMOS
PATRICIA KACHIROUBAS
ELIAS ZOGIAS
DEMETRA VAKA
GEO. XANTHOPOULIDES
THEO. GIANAKOULIS
C. J. LAMPOS
D. MICHALAROS
MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES
LEE FLETCHER
JOHN BELASCO
GEORGE KOUTRIS

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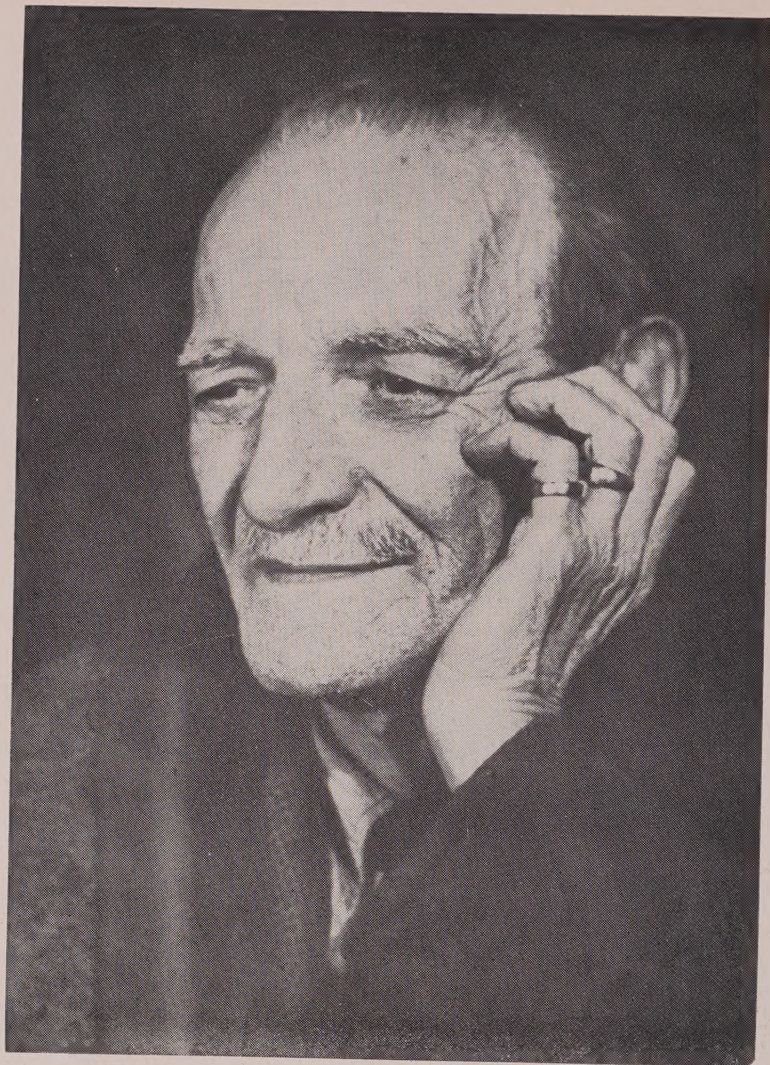
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C. J. LAMPOS, Literary Editor
JOHN DARIOTIS, Business Manager

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by

DEMETRIOS
A. MICHALAROS



Left: Gregorios Xenopoulos
in a characteristic pose.

Below: The last photograph of
George Drosinis



Photo: Papaioannou, Athens

A Poet and a Dramatist

George Drosinis - Gregorios Xenopoulos

TWO BIG NAMES IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN GREEK LETTERS

I.

GREGORIOS XENOPOULOS

This issue is dedicated to the poet George Drosinis and the novelist-playwright Gregorios Xenopoulos. Both have been identified with modern Greek literature for over 50 years; both have been continuously productive all these fifty years or more, and both of these patriarchs of Greek letters died last year. Drosinis at 92, Xenopoulos at 84.

About George Drosinis, his life and poetic work, the reader will enter the confines of his enchanted grotto a few pages hence when he takes up the narrative of Prof. Georgacas and other able interpreters of the poet's full artistic legacy. Here, we shall speak of Xenopoulos.

* *

Gregorios Xenopoulos was born in Constantinople, Dec. 9, 1867. His father was descended from the Peloponnesos, but was born on the Island of Zakynthos (Zante). His mother was a Phanariote, which means that she belonged to that

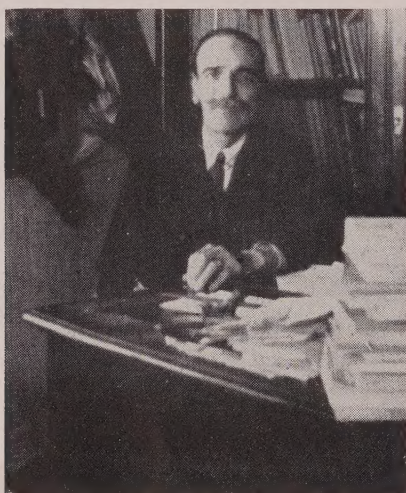
class of people who revolved around the Greek Patriarchate and claimed to be lineal descendants of Byzantine nobility. She was then an Anatolian Greek. Xenopoulos preferred to call himself a Zakynthian. In fact, the background of his work, the characters of his novels, plays, and short stories, speak, think and feel like Zakynthians first and Greeks afterwards. Seldom in Greek literature or any literature for that matter, an attachment for a locality has been as strong as Xenopoulos has felt for his Zante, when as a matter of fact he had been living in Athens practically all of his life, and but rarely visited the island. On the other hand this attachment has not been lavished for no reason at all. Zante, besides being one of the most beautiful in a string of very beautiful islands that dot the Greek seas, has given to modern Greek letters some of its most outstanding names. Solomos and Kalvos the poets, are two. And now Xenopoulos.

* *

This prodigious spirit has written over one hundred assorted books, novels, plays, short stories, etc., and a bibliography which I have seen in the "Nea Hestia Magazine" copy which commemorates his death, lists 528 titles and this does not

include hundreds, or perhaps thousands I should have said, of articles, studies and "short shorts" (chronographimata) he had contributed to newspapers and magazines; and more important yet, it does not include the paedagogical material he contrived for the magazine "Diaplasia Ton Paedon" which he edited for over two generations.

Xenopoulos began to write when he was still a high school student. The future pathfinder for modern Greek prose tells us that he attempted to write a short story, a novel and a play during that period. And yet this matchless stylist entered



G. XENOPOULOS AT HIS DESK

Athens University to study not literature, but engineering and physics.

Between 1883-1888 in what we may call the first period of his productivity, Xenopoulos wrote "The 300-Drachma Award", a short story and the novels "The Man of the World" and "Nicolaios Sigalos". He also wrote short stories which were printed in the magazine "Rambagas". There followed closely, "My Sister and the Stepmother" which was translated in English in 1897 by Mrs. Edmonds and John Lane and was even published in London; "Margarita Stefa" came next, the

last three novels being among his first mature works.

* *

Xenopoulos was more than the first professional writer in modern Greece. He made a success of the profession and for a time he was the only professional writer in the country. Even today, most contemporary Greek writers are non-professional. This is understandable. In a land like Greece, the population of which at the turn of the century was a scant two million of restless, half starved and semi-literate people, it required considerable daring to hope to make a living as a writer. Today with its 7 million souls, considerably more literate than their fathers, a book in Greece is said to be a success if it sells 3000 copies, and a best seller if it reaches 10,000. And yet in spite of all this, Xenopoulos became a professional, and for years, for 65 years to be exact, turned out volume upon volume, short stories, novels, plays; became a newspaper columnist, one of the most famous of his generation; while at the same time, he founded and edited magazines and journals. The industriousness of this man is more than a phenomenon. It is already a legend. People today speak in awe of his 14 to 18 hours a day, sitting behind his desk, for days, for weeks, for months at times in a stretch, turning out material for the network of his literary activities; material that was always good and entertaining and meaningful, whether it was to be incorporated in a novel, a play, a short story perhaps, or the inimitable observations of daily life, the pithy remarks which formed the basis of his daily "chronografima"; that peculiar **genre** of writing which is native to Greek literary soil, and has never been duplicated unless we compare it to the chores of an American columnist. In the "chronografima" Xenopoulos was the master observer of life, the master craftsman.

* *

In view of what follows regarding the moral stature of some of his characters in his novels and plays, it is a peculiar characteristic of this versatile genius, that Xenopoulos was a teacher of morals. One of the greatest in modern Greece. This distinction he won by editing a fortnightly publication known as the "Diaplasis Ton Paedon", "The Youth's Friendly Mentor" or more literally "The Magazine for the Molding of the Character of Our Youth". Now this publication which was founded by a certain Nicholas Papadopoulos, was twelve years old when Xenopoulos became connected with it, more than 60 years ago. Into this publication Xenopoulos poured his soul. And what a job he did! And were Xenopoulos to write not a single work, of the tens of books he gave to Greek letters and the world, the editing of this magazine alone would have sufficed to make his name noteworthy in the history of his country. Actually he was the story teller to the children of Hellenism. But that was not all. He really molded the character of Greek youth for at least two critical generations.

Without ever having studied paedagogics, and at a time when child psychology was unheard of, at least in Greece, this man who went to the University to study engineering, this inexperienced youth, succeeded to enter into the heart of the child; counseling and entertaining them year after year; anticipating many theories in child psychology which later were "discovered" in Europe and in America. The young readers of his "Diaplasis" were not mere subscribers to a children's publication. They were the "Diaplassopoula", the boys and girls of the movement, little brothers and sisters strewn all over the world, but members of one big family. Sixty years ago, more so than today, only a small portion of Greece was free; the rest was still unredeemed and the race was in the diaspora. Xenopoulos' "Diaplasis" thus blanketed

the youth of Hellenism all over the world and molded their character simply by entertaining them.

* *

But the role of moralist was only one of many characteristics in a richly endowed and variegated career which starting as it did from many sources became a unified stream and soon a torrent of artistic production. Still that was Xeno-



XENOPOULOS WITH MANUSCRIPT OF
HIS PLAY "ACTINES N"

poulos, a man with a mission. And this mission was to create a new tradition, a new norm in the history of Greek prose. And so starting with an indefatigable Herculean disposition to work, sustained by an equally Herculean imagination, he set the pace, in his own way in the novel, the play, the short story, and the hundreds and hundreds of his other writings which enriched Greek literature for over fifty years, nay for 65 full years, up to the day of his death.

* *

As a prose stylist Xenopoulos might have had his peers. Roides, Papadiamantis or Hadjopoulos, to quote an able critic,

might have preceded him not only in time but also in lyric passion. But there is no question about Xenopoulos' ability to do unbelievable things, to do many things all at once. He had style, he had technique, and he had stamina. When his contemporaries assert that he founded the modern Greek novel, and that he established the modern Greek theatre, they attest to a monumental achievement and a monumental will.

* *

Naturally it was not all clear sailing. Xenopoulos has had his critics and he himself would seize upon such an attack on himself to strike back. He was accused of many sins he did not commit, and of others which were merely characteristics of his age. Regarding the technique of his novels and his plays, some said that he was influenced by foreign models, by Zola, by Ibsen, by Flaubert, Daudet, etc. all of which were his contemporaries and all of whom the Greek stylist admired. Well, now that's an accusation which it is very easy to make, since in a country like Greece which had no contemporary literature to speak of, the trend was to read and perhaps unconsciously assimilate imported ideas and to imitate models which in this case happened to be almost exclusively French. Still Xenopoulos was not a copyist, and if he was unconsciously influenced, who isn't? After all, as we say above he was building on new ground. He was laying the very foundations of the structure which was to be the modern Greek novel and the modern Greek play, and furthermore he had nothing to go by. The important thing is that he did create, not that he stooped to admire in a foreign garden. Neither should we forget that among his short stories, for instance, to take just one example, there are some of which as a critic succinctly remarked, even a De Mau-

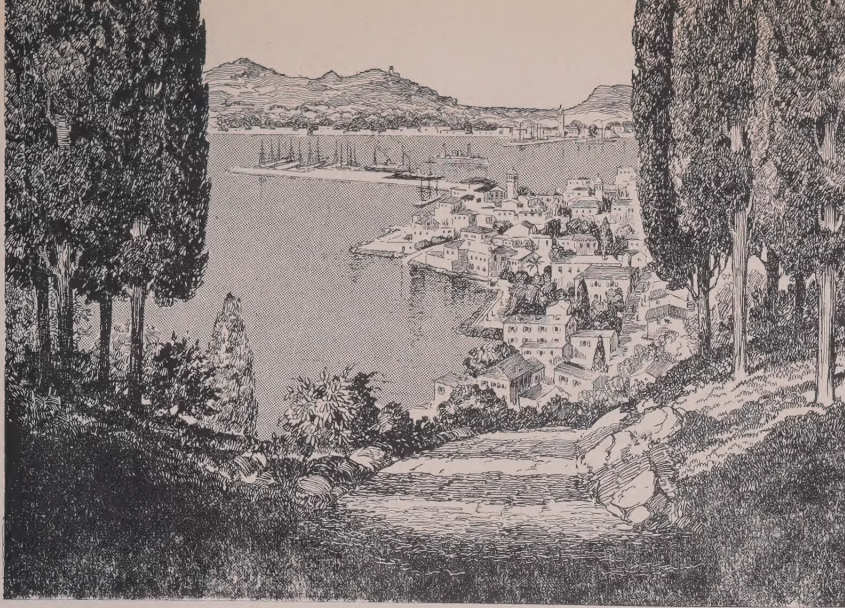
passant would not have been ashamed to append his name.

* *

Not only did he write smooth and elegant prose in torrential quantities and for many decades, but Xenopoulos also helped to solve the language question in Greece.

For those who are not acquainted with conditions in Greece when Xenopoulos first appeared on the scene as a promising talent, it should be remarked here that for centuries the Greeks used two language idioms which run more or less parallel courses. The people spoke what is known as the demotic idiom; whereas the church and the so-called educated classes preferred in writing an archaic form which though artificial, they clung to it more as a homage to ancient Greek forms, believing perhaps that it was possible to revive the ancient tongue unpolluted. It was a dream which proved as impractical as it was unscientific, since Demotic is the real descendant of ancient classical Greek, but sixty years ago the Greek nation was in the throes of an internecine war of words, sometimes translated into blows, precipitated by this same language question. Every patriotic Greek, and who wasn't patriotic in those days of unadulterated ancestor worship, sided with the Church and the government in praising the classic revival, the **Katharevousa** as the purist idiom was called. However there came along soberer minds who like martyrs and at the risk of social ostracism and bodily harm, began to preach the "unpopular" and "unpatriotic" scientific way, and so slowly but steadily, the Demotic idiom began to supplant the formalized and pedantic **Katharevousa**. But it was not easy at first.

Now Xenopoulos like every other "patriotic" young Greek of his generation, began as a purist, writing in the formal



A VIEW OF ZAKYNTHOS, THE BELOVED ISLAND OF XENOPOULOS

Katharevousa, but his supple and artistic nature soon won him over to the other side. He adopted a Demotic idiom. Only his idiom was a middle of the road affair. It avoided the extremes of some overjealous Demoticists of the Psiharis school, and that made his prose flowing and understandable. In his hands the language became a vivid and serviceable instrument. So much so, that Xenopoulos because of his abundant writings, developed the easy flowing kind of prose the people loved best because they understood most; the kind of prose his contemporaries were at a loss to imitate, and present day writers will do well to emulate.

* * *

Xenopoulos' novels were perennial good sellers in that they speak directly to the people. Three things took care of that. The way he handled the language; his keen story telling instinct; and his urban conceptions concerning a realistic novel. Strictly speaking here we stand face to face with a novelty in post-revolutionary Hellas. There might have been story tellers and writers of romances before this, but the true Greek novel, all that is, starts with Xenopoulos. We already mentioned some of his early novels. Here are the titles of some more: "The Red Rock" 1915; "The Wars of 1912-1913" 1919; "The Brother's Honor" 1920;

"Laoura" 1921; "Aphrodite" 1922; "The World of Kosmas" 1923; "Isabella" 1923; "Anadyomeni" 1925; "Teresa Varma Da-costa" 1926; His social trilogy: "Rich and Poor" 1926; "Honorable and Dishonorable" 1926; "The Lucky and the Unlucky" 1927; "The Fall" 1928; "The Wedding of Litsa" 1929; "Secrer Betrothals" 1929; "The Thrice-Beautiful Lady" 1930; "The World" in three parts; "Caught in the Midst of Three Women" 1930. These are only a few. At least sixty-three novels appeared in serial form in the newspapers of the period. No doubt there are others in manuscript form which up to this time at least, have not appeared in print.

The novel of Xenopoulos as we said is realistic, the locale and tenor mostly Zakynthian. This does not imply a provincial pattern. Far from it. Our author sought, and more often than not, achieved universality. The story is always there. The reader's interest is not allowed to lag. Xenopoulos was too good of a story teller to fail his public.

He also created a host of interesting characters. Like in his plays, his most interesting characters are women; sexy women, erotic women, powerful and defiant women. These types run the gamut in all of his writings. This is the grand theme. Everything else is episodic. But why?

Why did Xenopoulos choose, and why did he persist in using these types, and why his singular preference for the sexy type woman? Was it because he was influenced by the foreign (French) models mentioned earlier, or was it because he thought that by exploiting such a daring idea his books would sell more? In a society whose prudish sentimentalism was constantly needled by French translations, Xenopoulos's idea might indeed have been a clever trick at that.

But did he believe in the types he created? Was he after art or sensationalism? Probably both, say some of his critics.

Our job is to find which of these two sentiments was uppermost. And it would be unfair to deny Xenopoulos his sincere efforts to be an artist. What then did he intend to prove, by creating such a character as Teresa Varma Dakosta in the novel that bears this title? That he regarded this novel as among his best, if not the best he has written, there seems to be little doubt (*). But what is it, the author really wanted to prove with this story? Did he want to prove to his friend Costas Economides that he could create a type of a woman that is dangerous to the point of crime, as he says in the short prologue of the edition I have in hand? Or was she a cog in a general plan that sought

to dust off the social whims, the tastes and sins of the upper classes, of the so-called Heptanesean nobles, which classes he knew so intimately but of which probably he was not a part? Was he trying to pull them down after a fashion?

The theme is so persistent that a word here about the society Xenopoulos describes, is not out of place. The Heptanese nobility is one of the most curious phenomena in the social structure of Greece. Actually there is no aristocracy in Greece, most or all of the Grecian or Byzantine nobles having fled to the West on the fall of the empire in 1453, but some, so the story goes, lingered and settled on the seven Ionian islands known as the Heptanese. Their numbers were augmented slightly down the centuries by accretions of Venetian or Italian stock through peaceful or military penetration. Now the Greek people, by and large ignore this diminutive nobility, but Xenopoulos who loved his Zakynthos, the heart and center of this aristocracy, must have been fed up with their antics, or perhaps his story-telling sense must have told him that here was a rare subject for fascinating situations.

Then again Xenopoulos might have had more serious objectives. It is quite possible that he smarted under the alleged attitude of his nobles toward the common people of the island, and he felt that it was his duty to show them up. But the rebellious spirits among his characters are weak, or at least not so aggressive for a class-conscious Xenopoulos. His play "Popolaros" which is among his best, is a point at issue. In this play the male protagonist, Zeppos Pemponaris, is placed there merely to champion the rights of a social equality and to denounce the ways of the nobles. But he is a poor second compared to his Patrician innamorata, the Contessina Elda. She is the dominant char-

(*) In a letter dated July 3, 1929 which he sent to Petros Haris, his co-worker and successor in the "Nea Hestia" editorship, Xenopoulos writes:

Dear Haris: With this letter you will receive a copy of "Teresa Varma Dakosta". It is THE novel which I wrote with extreme care. Just imagine that after I labored over it, I copied the first draft with my own hand revising it constantly, and after it appeared in serial form in the newspaper "Ethnos" once again I went over it since it was to come out in book form. I went through it **word for word**. Never before I have paid so much attention as to style and prose. Since because of the unique subject-matter, I wanted to prove with this psychological and social romance, to what heights one can reach with our language. or rather to what heights I could reach. As far as I am concerned, the result is satisfactory. I succeeded to say all, even the most subtle things, psychologig, scientific or literary, in a uniform expression to the extent where even the dialogue should blend with the narrative in an unbroken upswell of style. These are the things I wanted you to watch for. As for the substance of the plot, you can see for yourself how original and different and profoundly artistic this novel is."

acter throughout the play, another true Xenopouleian heroine. Rather it seems to me, in this world of Counts, Countesses and Contessinas, Xenopoulos acts as if he is the protagonist himself. And unconsciously he is attracted, not to say hypnotised, by a dispensation he evidently loves and admires at heart, like he loves his Zakynthos, his aetherial Zante, the Fiore of Levante, the flower of the Levant. In the charms and under the influence of this weird society, Xenopoulos gets drunk, drunk with the mysticism of a visionary. It is, as if the realist becomes a mystic, for a spell anyway.

* *

Fifty-five years ago, Xenopoulos wrote a play called "Psychopateras" with a plot as simple as it was amusing. This play holds an important place in the history of the modern Greek theatre. It was not a great play, but it was the first modern Greek play. Since then he has written dozens of plays, all of which have had successful run and many revivals.

Xenopoulos has been called the father of the modern Greek Theatre. The honor is well placed and no one seems to begrudge it. This many-talented, most read and most entertaining literary pioneer of modern Hellas will be remembered chiefly for what he did to the modern Greek play. In a sense his plays are a continuation of his novels, they differ in degree only, and what we have said of the novel holds true for his plays as well. But in the play Xenopoulos was more articulate, more of an artist. He was a realist, yes, but he had a flair for the elegant, the essential, the entertaining. Prolific as he had been, writing so much for the theatre as for his other

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ΑΘΗΝΑΙ, 3

ADHNA, 3 ~~2~~ 1929

'Agente' per Pierre.

[illegible]

L'alt' d'age a' ingiun lu' spoxxi me. O
 pa' lu' vira lu' spox, una velle a' me in
 tolz. Oa' iat q' pira lu' vira velle, q' velle

THE ORIGINAL OF THE PETROS HARIS LETTER
PRINTED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

preoccupations, there is a certain restraint in his dialogue, and a nobility of sentiment is his plots. You sense it immediately when you see his best plays on the stage. He tried of course to be diversified and in the psycho-analytical play he did not project himself as well. But in the realistic play of Zakynthian and Greek society he gave a good account of himself, and proved the master to the end.

—D. Michalaros

TESTIMONIALS AND APPRECIATIONS BY LEADING WRITERS OF GREECE

Xenopoulos was the founder also of the "NEA HESTIA" for years a leading literary journal in Greece, now ably edited by Petros Haris. In the commemorative edition following Xenopoulos' death, a group of authors in a symposium of criticism evaluating his work, had this to say:

The noted Athenian critic **Alkis Thrylos** discerns a certain freshness in his works which sets them apart. He may not have had the poetic vision of Pantelis Horn, continues this critic, but there is a strange fascination in Xenopoulos' work. He paints for us in colors bright a society, the society in which we live, with which we are familiar, and in which a simple event becomes a formal occasion. His characters please us with their restful serenity.

"It is very seldom" writes the poet **Cleon Paraschos** "to meet a writer like Xenopoulos whose power of mind is such that he may write novels and plays simultaneously and continuously with such profficiency, without at the same time neglecting his other daily literary assignments. All his productions have style, and they entertain."

"What made Xenopoulos click?" asks another critic, **Yiannis Hadjinis**, "His optimism! The quiet sure optimism of a dispassionate observer, who feels sure of his subject and gives you a picture of life as he sees it."

"The main element in Xenopoulos's work" says another poet, **Rhegas Golfis**, "is the dramatic and particularly the tragic. Most of his romances and plays are love tragedies. His characters are true to life."

George Pratsicas, another writer and critic admires Xenopoulos women most. They are, he says, "refined, brittle, sometimes tragic. They move you with their beauty, their sexism or their sacrifices. Here you have innocent dainty creatures who submit to their fate, but here again you have dynamic women, proud with wills tempered in steel, who walk the plank of the ultimate sacrifice to defend what they consider their faith and their own law. While others inflamed with sexy passions seek only their absolute pleasure, and still others who craving wealth and luxuries, trample upon conventions and traditions unmindful of the consequences."

* *

In a tribute printed in his "Nea Demiourgia" the excellent literary magazine, the well known playwright Spyros Melas has this to say about his departed colleague.

"His contribution to the theatre was all important. Here he found nothing. There was no one to follow. He had to really create. Around him he heard nothing but the pedantic declamations in the **Katharevousa** . . . the horrible translations from the Paris boulevards . . . nothing preceded him

save a half-forgotten play by Matesis entitled: "Vasilikos". That was all.

Against this background he wrote "The Psychopateras" the "Third" and then his first mature work "The Secret of Countess Valeraina". All three luckily enough managed to get great actors in the stellar roles. Thus without being conscious of it and without imitation I might say, he brought the realistic theatre in Greece. . . . For the first time the people had an opportunity to see native plays . . . for the first time the people see Greek types on the stage well conceived and theatrically full, and for the first time they hear terse Greek dialogue!

Xenopoulos studies his actors and writes parts for them. He writes with lightning swiftness at night, using large sheets, with a wide margin. The margin is for the revisions. Xenopoulos revised and rewrote parts on the stage during rehearsals.

What is the meaning of all this effort? It is quite a job to portray a society, by creating universal types. In a measure he succeeds . . . He is objective and would neither criticize nor would he attempt to preach. He sympathizes with the down trodden; defends love that's being frustrated; denounces family despotism; casts sarcasm on justice which frees the murderer on so-called questions of honor, when as a matter of fact the murderers are the real corrupters. All these problems he resolves quietly, pleasantly, softly. But he rises to tragic destiny in such plays as the "Kakos Dromos" and the "Psychosavato".

His work as a critic is immense too if we consider what he accomplished in this sector, as a consequence of his wide learning, his objectivity and broadness of intellect . . .

Still, in addition to his literary work which is really monumental, he leaves us another great legacy! The example of his matchless capacity to work. That is without precedent in present day Greece, and perhaps in all the world."

* *

Petros Haris who has been not only his collaborator, but as we said previously, succeeded him as editor of the influential literary magazine "Nea Hestia" sent to "Athene" this message regarding Xenopoulos:

"Gregorios Xenopoulos has completed his historical mission long before he died. He was like a wide river which irrigates wide plains in its course. If Vizyinos was the founder of the modern Greek short story, Xenopoulos was the founder of the Greek novel and of the theatre, he was a constructive critic and even a great educator who has contributed generously in molding the character of three generations. Because of the above considerations I do not hesitate to call Xenopoulos' work valuable."

* *

Petros Markakis, an excellent writer and who is also general secretary of the Greek Author's League, was one of the closest friends and acquaintances of the late Xenopoulos. He constantly sought his company especially during the last few years of his life, and although Xenopoulos was a more or less secretive person, to Markakis he would open his heart and soul. And Markakis who knew that Xenopoulos is a historic person so far as modern Greek letters are concerned, would keep secret notes of their frequent conversations. Markakis sent us



A STATUE OF XENOPOULOS BY THE SCULPTOR NATSIOS

a number of interesting facts about this great man. Bits of information full of human interest, episodes and bits of conversation that cover every imaginable subject. He was sensitive as to criticism of his work, and as we say above he was secretive about others. He would not give you his opinion about a new book or a new play if he did not want to. You simply couldn't get it out of him. But to Markakis he would talk freely. He was an original thinker. Once while they were talking about translations he said to Markakis: "A translation is often like a woman. When she is beautiful she is not faithful, and when she is faithful she is not often beautiful."

Markakis visited Xenopoulos a few hours before he died. He met his sister at the door, and she told him that Xenopoulos was dying. He tried to quiet her down a little since she was alarmed and

she was crying. He asked to see him. She let him go in. He was so emaciated that even Markakis would not recognize him. But he found him calm and enduring. In order to give him a little courage I said: "I just read your short story in the 'Nea Hestia' entitled 'Three Words'.. I liked it very much. Slowly and as if he tried to crawl on the bed he told me smiling: 'You like everything I write.' These were the last words I ever heard him speak. A little later he died.

—Petros Markakis

* *

From Leonidas Zoes, who comes from the same island of Zakynthos and is a boyhood friend of Gregorios Xenopoulos, we received a very interesting report having to do with the author's relation to his island. He is proud of course that his fellow-islander has become so famous, but he feels that his work is not so well known as it should be.

* *

One of Xenopoulos' short stories bears the title "Love Crucified". It was one of his best characterizations and the great Greek poet Palamas wrote a poem dedicated to the heroine of this story "Stella Violante". When Xenopoulos dramatized this short story as he did with so many of his other novels and stories, he wrote a letter to the brilliant contemporary music composer Kalomoiris, asking him to write the music for the Palamas poem as an introduction to the play. The letter is dated November 2, 1898, and Kalomoiris was studying in Russia at that time.

■

Two Poems by George Drosinis

THE SWAN

Silently mirroring in the pool
The white shadow of its white wings,
The swan hears the motionless music
Of the water that sings.

Nereid's and ogress' and water-dragon
Voices, among the sighing reeds,
It hears and hears the water-flowers
Singing and the water-weeds.

Weird, water-world voices, laughter,
Longing, weeping and tears;
And undertone yearnings and callings
Silently it hears.

And uniting them into one matchless
Song of songs and white wings,
Before dying, the voiceless swan
Sighs, and silently sings.

MY WISH

Not the joyous shouts of victory,
Nor the intoxication of glory —
Lay me rather on a fragrant field,
Or upon a mountain steep,
And lull me to sleep.

Never have I wished upon my forehead,
A laurel garland to be placed,
The humble crowning of the grass,
In the shade of olive tree
Is enough for me.

(Trans. by THEODORE GIANAKOULIS)

Gregorios Xenopoulos

COGNIZANT OF THE PROPORTIONS

Translated by NICHOLAS ECONOMOS

In modern Greek literature, "no one in the novel or the theatre has excelled G. Xenopoulos, the creator of a whole gallery of pictures of Zante and Athens." "Isabella, Woman from Three Aspects", is one of his many heroines.
—Encyclopedia Britannica.

The short story — and not so much the novellette, because it sometimes takes on the proportions of the full length novel — is the most difficult form of prose writing. This is because a good short story must in its own way embody "a whole world" and such a thing will not easily fit into a few pages. When a novelist, for instance, fails to embrace "a world" in one volume, he writes two, five, ten and sometimes as many as twenty, as has been the custom lately in France.

To a short story writer this convenience is forbidden because, if his narrative goes beyond a certain limit, it ceases to be a short story and becomes a novelette.

Beside the brevity and the other merits of this form of writing, the difficulty of which is well known, a good short story should possess something all its own — originality and naivete — particularly in plot, subject and style, so that it will not resemble anything previously written by the same author or anyone else. Something to read once and remember afterwards. For this reason, in all the great literatures of the world — ancient, modern and contemporary — great writers of the novel are comparatively more numerous than writers of the caliber of a Guy de Maupassant or an Edgar Allan Poe, confining myself to the older writers who, as models, soared the unapproachable zenith at the time when short story writers of my generation commenced to appear.

Nevertheless — "cognizant of the proportions and the distances," as the memorable Kampouroglous often used to say — we in our little land of Hellas likewise observe the same phenomenon. Relatively speaking we have many good, if not great, writers . . . although the good modern Greek writers, particularly among the younger generation, are very few.

My literary life has, by the grace of God, passed the half century mark. I was seventeen when my first book was published. Since then I have written many different kinds of books: novels, novellettes, short stories, full-length and one-act plays. For this reason, I believe, I ought to be thankful and somewhat proud, if you will, that the critics of our literature, both native and foreign — meaning those, of course, who were sincere and discerning and not those who were biased or flattering — have selected my short stories in preference to all of my other work. Some have pronounced them "original in their way" and others even, "little masterpieces." Certainly, all of them, at least, are "cognizant of the proportions" and so is my pride.

I have never fancied that I am a great writer of the short story — far from it. But I cannot help being flattered by the selection of "the most difficult form," . . . and for this reason I feel that

I, too, have the right to deem my short stories as the better part of all work. Even though they be lacking in other things, they do have that singular something "all their own" which makes them different among themselves and among others. I think that the better ones, at least, do possess this — and it was for this reason that the critics made the selection.

It was ten years after the appearance of my boyish effort, "Stratiotika Diegemata," in 1891, that I commenced thinking about another book and began gathering some of the short stories and novellettes that had been published in magazines, year-books and holiday supplements of newspapers. In 1901 I published them at my own expense under the title, "Short Stories, Volume 1." Two years later appeared "Short Stories, Volume 2," which included my novelette "Eros Estavromenos." Then, in 1901, I. D. Kollaros issued Volume 3, with "Nostimon Emar" heading the list. My subsequent collections were "O Kakos Dromos and Other Stories," published in 1913, by G. Phexes, who a year later also issued a reprint of "Eros Estavromenos," under the new title, "Stella Violante and Other Stories." In 1916, Kypseles published "Oi Eromenoi and Other Stories." N. P. Papadopoulos issued "Petries Ston Helio and Other Stories," in 1919. "To Zakynthino Manteli and 10 Other Stories" was a selection reprinted from my previously published works, issued by C. Geniades, who also issued a reprint of "Anathrephte," in his publication "Mikra Aristourgimata." In 1922, "O Minotavros and Other Stories" appeared in Alexandria, Egypt, in the publication "Grammaton."

Since the last mentioned date no other book containing any of my stories has been published. But during the interval of these twenty years I did not cease to write and contribute to magazines, year-books and holiday supplements of newspapers. So without counting the numerous stories for children that remain uncollected in the volumes of educational publications, one hundred additional stories were written that have not been published in book form. From these, selectively, was compiled "Athanasia and Other Stores," 1944. The earliest one, "Athanasia," was written in 1924; the latest, "Mia Lexi," in 1943.

I have not changed in manner since the days of my youth. I still write with the same clarity, purity of style and exactness of craft. I am and remain "the old one." Only in subject matter do my later stories differ. Perhaps in the better ones of these may be noticed some change, some progress. But even these, I believe, always have that same individual something "all their own" — in taste, but not in structure — as do my older ones.

I must also add that in my last volume, the "Athanasia" collection, no novelette was included; it contains only short stories. Those which are not of the Zante scene are of the Athens locale.

Athens, 1944.

Gregorios Xenopoulos

THE CIGARETTE COUPONS

Translated by PATRICIA KACHIROUBAS

At that time we had a maid named Sophie working in our house, an unhappy divorced woman. Her husband, responsible man that he was, had deserted her with three young ones to marry another woman. And so, the poor soul was forced to do housework to support her children whom she used to leave at her mother's house, such as it was — a one room affair in the back of an alley-way. She also had a younger brother, Kostas, a goodlooking chap, whom she liked more than she should have and often had to help because times were hard. He was a house painter, but could not find work everyday, because he was also a happy-go-lucky serenader, who would work one day and lay off three, to amuse himself with his friends. Therefore, when his funds were gone, Sophie had to give him spending money.

"Did your brother come and get money from you again?" I would sometime say to her whenever I saw that goodlooking loafer leaving our house in a happy mood.

"What else can I do?" she would say. "He didn't have money enough today to buy himself cigarettes."

"Does he smoke, too?"

She sadly nodded her head: "Oh, he does have many faults, but he's such a likeable rascal."

"I think you are spoiling him with too much affection."

But whom hadn't Sophie spoiled with too much affection? Hadn't she spoiled her children, her mother, my children, my wife and everyone? Many times I wondered why her husband had left her for another woman. Where would he ever find a kinder, more loyal and prettier woman than Sophie? In our house she was truly regarded as a treasure. Our keys and everything else were always at her reach. She even had access to our pocketbooks, for there were times when an employee might call for his wages early in the morning before we were out of bed — and then my wife or I would say to her:

"My pocketbook is right over there, Sophie. Take out the money and pay him."

But this woman who would not even pick up a needle off the floor for herself, aroused my suspicion once that she was stealing cigarettes from me — because everytime I sent the errand servant to bring me a package of cigarettes, she would wait for him at the head of the stairway, take the package and bring it to me after she had opened it. Even when I went out from my study for a few moments and left my cigarettes on the table, upon returning I would find the package opened and moved from the very spot I had left it.

"Who was in my study the while I was out, Sophie?"

"I was, sir. I went there to empty your ash-tray."

One day when she had gone in there to empty my wastebasket, I caught her searching through the empty cigarette packages.

"Oh . . . so that's it!" I said to myself. "She's been stealing my cigarettes to give to her brother. She even searches the empty packages to see if any are left in them."

It seemed strange to me, of course, but still I could not make myself believe otherwise. Anyway, I did not say a word, nor did I become disturbed to the point of thinking that if she will steal cigarettes, she might also steal other things. And so I continued having the same respect and trust in her as before. But one day I slapped myself on the forehead in shame — to think that I did not catch on sooner and had formed such a bad opinion about poor Sophie.

It happened while I was standing at the top of the stairway the moment she was taking the package from the hand of the errand servant. She neither heard me come out of the study nor was she aware, in the least, that I stood there behind her. I saw her hastily tear off the wrapper, open the package, search through it and take out — not a cigarette, in God's name! — but something the size and format of an ordinary cigarette paper. Right then and there I recalled that the package I was buying at the time contained a piece of paper called "A Coupon" which said:

"With 50 coupons at the present time, you may obtain free of charge from your tobacco dealer a package of cigarettes of our own make. Should your dealer refuse you this offer, you may then obtain same directly from our factory."

Well . . . this after all was the answer. Sophie was collecting the coupons and after she had saved fifty, she would take them to my tobacco dealer and get a free package of cigarettes for that spoiled brother of hers. She became embarrassed as she saw me, turned quickly to hide the coupon and then handed me the package, saying:

"Your cigarettes, sir."

"I see you also opened them for me."

"Oh . . . I always open them . . . to save you the trouble."

"Thank you."

But why did she want to hide the fact from me, as though it were a theft? Anyone else in her place not only would have told me about it, but might have even asked me to save the other coupons that I used to throw away. But not Sophie; she was too sensitive and refined — and would not, ever, even think of putting me to that trouble, small as it was. Besides, she might have been

afraid of my telling her again that she was spoiling Kostas, for I had told her, several times before, that she was spoiling him by petting and giving him spending money, which was causing him to form the habit of being indifferent to the fact that he remained out of work.

Nevertheless, from that day on, even without an understanding between us, whenever Sophie was not present to meet the errand servant at the head of the stairway, I would always take out the coupon when opening a new package and place it on the little tray in my study, so that the next morning, on going in there to dust and straighten things around, she would find and take it. And the same thing would happen even when she stayed home one or two days and did not come to work. I forgot to mention that we used to hire her by the day. She used to come to work in the morning and leave for her home in the evening to take care of her children. And whenever any of her three young ones, her mother or Kostas became seriously ill, she would always remain close by their bedside. The coupons then would accumulate in the little tray and on the first day of her return, Sophie would take them all together.

* *

Then all of a sudden . . . calamity.

One morning, after being absent three or four days, Sophie came to our house, tearful, upset and gloomy.

"Goodness Sophie what's the matter?"

"Kostas," she cried . . . "Our Kostas, . . . he's a consumptive."

Tearfully, she began telling us how it all happened.

The boy had taken pneumonia the winter before. He got over it, but a "Hectic Fever" developed. The doctors neglected to look deeper into the matter, thinking that his delay in recovering was merely due to weakness. They fed him as well as they could, but it was no use. The "Hectic Fever" persisted and the weakness increased until the boy had a relapse and was unable to stand on his feet. The doctor was called again, but he shook his head and told them they must take him to the hospital to be Ex-rayed. They took him to the hospital and on being examined, he was found to be in bad shape. You can imagine, only one of his lungs was left; the other was completely consumed.

All this catastrophe took place within a period of three months. That robust and rose-cheeked boy who was once such a real pleasure to see, was now pale as death and half gone. And if they had not taken him to the sanitarium as soon as they did, he might have died.

"Shall we send him to Soteria?" my wife and I asked her.

"Oh, sir — that's what I wanted to ask you. But I've been told it's so difficult to get in there. Maybe with your influence though . . . Oh, dear, madam — and you, my good sir — see what you can do for the boy."

And Sophie begged, wept and beseeched.

"Come now," I said. "Don't cry. We'll see what can be done for the boy at once. In these days, even old men get well when the disease is treated in the early stages. Kostas is an eighteen year old boy. Two or three months ago he could have punched a hole through iron."

Hope returned to her despairing heart and wiping away her tears, she began doing her housework as before. An hour later I called her into my study and handed her a letter with these instructions:

"Take this letter to Mrs. T—," I said to her. "I have described the whole case to her, but you must also tell her whatever you know. She's quite influential at Soteria and I'm sure she'll do us all the good she can."

She took the letter with the same eagerness she would have taken a bottle of "miracle drug" for the treatment of her brother. But at that same moment I noticed that her eyes fell on the cigarette coupons that had accumulated in my little tray. I saw her look at them and I — thoughtlessly on the spur of the moment — said to her:

"You may take them if you wish. I know you save them."

She turned pale and burst into tears.

"What should I do with them now?" she said. "I used to save them for Kostas, but the doctor said he must never again put another cigarette in his mouth . . . I guess it's the way his fate was written . . . And I do hope his disease will help him get rid of that bad habit . . . At least that he may live."

While still talking tearfully, she picked up the coupons, crushed them in the palm of her hand and threw them in the wastebasket among the other rubbish. Then she started on her way out to deliver the letter.

Up to that moment I had not been very much affected by her emotion. But strange, at it may seem, that last gesture of hers and that alone, touched me to the point of tears.

Athens, 1932



THE HAND OF XENOPOULOS
FROM A MOLD BY THE SCULPTOR NATSIOS.

(Photo: Megaloeconomou)

GREGORY XENOPOULOS

AND THE NEW LITERARY MODERN GREEK

By DEMETRIUS J. GEORGACAS, University of Utah

I. Xenopoulos' Prose

It is prose which establishes a language as the national and literary language, since poetry by itself in no way suffices. In modern Greece, after John Psichari's (Paris) language movement burst forth (in 1888) scores of Greek writers thus stimulated did adopt the modern language also in prose at the close of the 19th century and in the 20th. Among them there stands Gregory Xenopoulos (1867-1951) as the most prominent, a true master stylist who dedicated himself entirely to literature for over half a century (1885-1950) and became the trailblazing prosewriter up to 1922, the best storyteller, the novelist and story writer par excellence. In fact, he cultivated almost every species of prose: **short story, novelette, novel, play, chronographima** (a column on actualities), **educational writings** (including school readers), and **literary criticism**. Xenopoulos found hardly anything of a genuine modern Greek tradition in modern Greek prose literature, so he himself had to create it. His literary industriousness is unsurpassed; his methodical hard work was daily creation, endless production; his motto was, as he tells us (*Nea Estia* 16 (1934) 583b): **Nulla dies sine linea**. As a consequence of his tremendous facility in writing and of his proverbial industriousness he remained most prolific for sixty-five years and so produced, in his own count, about 100 books (some twenty or so of them having appeared only in magazines or newspapers, of which a dozen or so will live for a long time, and about half a dozen of which are masterpieces in the history of modern Greek literature.

Storytelling

The main features of Xenopoulos' storytelling are his realism as a solid ground and his good taste as a precious barrier against triviality and failure. But his disciplined and wise talent includes fine observation, rich and sensitive imagination, and a remarkable gift of narration. A born narrator, he developed into a unique story-teller, the best in modern Greek prose on account of both his talent and his painstaking effort and care; his narratives show good structure and balance. In the description of life and customs, in character-descriptive writings, in the short story, and in the novel, as well as in his social and socializing narratives he proved a magnificent narrator; he succeeded in reflecting the daily life of his native island of Zacynthus and to a certain extent in reflecting the daily life of Athens of his time in stories, novels, and plays. The erotic element, the sentimental relations of the sexes and the "woman" are his usual topics; the erotic element

plays a significant role in most of Xenopoulos' writings. Whereas Xenopoulos does not particularly study the male and while man is rather decorative in his writings, it is the woman who holds the principal part in all his prose, including plays; women, especially young girls, are his best guide to the truth searched for. Xenopoulos is an erotic writer or rather the most erotic modern Greek writer. As a realist, as a dexterous story-teller and erotic author Xenopoulos is indisputably a genuine short story writer; he is always readable and never dull, and this would be the reason for his popularity. He gave the most perfect form to the novelette, such as his **Love Crucified**. Ten to fifteen of his stories are of the very best in modern Greek prose literature.

Novel

In the novel Xenopoulos distinguished himself. In 1893 he published in the literary **Illustrated Estia** his famous Zacynthian "Margarita Stefa", a youthful creation, to be sure, (he was 25 years old), but most powerful in description and scene-pictures, the first naturalistic novel ever written in modern Greece. Herewith Xenopoulos elevated this genre and he used it to depict middle class life and society. Whereas "Margarita Stefa" was wronged by its **katharevousa** (i. e. the puristic language), it was already three years before, in 1890, that Xenopoulos' novel "My Little Sister" (**I Adelfoula Mou**), a custom-descriptive tender family narrative, appeared in the modern language (the demotic) in the "Diaplasia for Children". In continuous activity for about three decades, Xenopoulos was producing the most remarkable urban (i. e., of the middle class life) and specifically Athenian novel. Half a dozen of his novels are perfect; the best volume is perhaps "The Rich and the Poor" (1919), a character-descriptive and social novel; this and the other two, "The Honest and the Dishonest" and "The Fortunate and the Unfortunate" form a trilogy. The novel began with Xenopoulos and he is held to be its founder in modern Greek literature.

Theatre

One of the greatest accomplishments and the most significant of all Xenopoulos' contributions is that he opened the road to the modern Greek theatre, he founded the true modern Greek play and so created the native theatrical tradition which was absent before him. With Xenopoulos, who wrote tragedies, comedies, and farces, theatrical art begins in modern Greece. One of his first-fruits

and his first social drama, "Adopted Father" (**Psychopateras**), staged in August of 1895, marked, as is generally acknowledged, a truly historical turning-point and a high one in the history of the modern Greek stage. His first meritorious drama is the three-act "The Secret of Countess Valeraina" (performed in 1904 and 1918, published in 1909); some three or more of his plays show a deeper dramatic essence. In his early theatrical activity, Xenopoulos' fame was established by the stage producer Constantine Christomanos. Xenopoulos composed some 40 plays, 19 of which appeared also in print, some in repeated editions. Ten or more pieces of Xenopoulos as playwright, representative of the naturalistic character-descriptive theatre, raised him to a dominant figure in the native modern Greek theatre covering the period of the first half of the 20th century. Several of his plays count hundreds of performances. Critics, actors, and public acknowledge Xenopoulos as the father of native theatrical production, the leading playwright beside and ahead of Pandelis Horn (1881-1941) and Spyros Melas (1883-). The latter, acknowledging Xenopoulos' important role, said that Xenopoulos' plays constitute a tradition useful for the coming playwrights to lean on (*Elliniki Dimiourgia* 7.164).

Criticism

Both Palamas and Xenopoulos were active also as literary critics and thus both influenced considerably the development of modern Greek literary art. The former is certainly unsurpassed in his critiques. But many of Xenopoulos' critiques also (in the literary magazine **Panathinaia** (1900-1912) and in others) are sound and just. As a critic he helped not only good prosewriting but considerably also good poetry. Xenopoulos wrote on Zola and was the first to present Ibsen, first to introduce new literary talents such as **N. Episkopopoulos** (the later **Nicolas Ségur** in France), **J. Gryparis**, **J. Kambysis**, **Z. Papandoniou**, **C. Kavafis**, **A. Melachrinou**, **D. Voutyras**; Xenopoulos himself considered his introduction of the first five as an important achievement of his. He continued to inspire and guide the younger generations of writers and is acknowledged as the intellectual father of many.

Editorship and Educational Writing

A writer of the magnitude of Xenopoulos is expected to have worked at or edited and founded literary journals, as he in fact did. He not only worked for "**Panathinaia**" for twelve years (1900-1912), but he also worked as editor-in-chief on and directed for six months in 1895 the "**Illustrated Estia**", and founded in 1927 "**Nea Estia**" (—1932, 1933-1934 together with P. Charis, thereafter and now continued by P. Charis). But it is of special significance that during practically all his life he also cared about and wrote for the education of children; the "**Diaplasia of Children**", a weekly magazine for children, on which he worked as editor-in-chief again for half a century (1896-1945; 45 volumes) is an example of this life work; his "Athenian Letters" published there number 1500 to 2000; he taught children and whole families to read and appreciate

literature. Xenopoulos' influence here was essential, deep, and continuous; it was from among the small readers of "Diaplasia" that a considerable number of the later prosewriters, poets, and critics arose.

Through such a successful career Xenopoulos came to be very popular with his audience; he thus became the most popular of all meritorious Greek writers of his time. In fact, he was more read in the country and by Greeks abroad than any other modern Greek writer and he is still widely read. As a result of his popularity, when in 1922 an Athenian weekly literary magazine "Panellinia" (no. 23, Feb. 27, 1922, p.7) put to its readers the question: "Which contemporary Greek writer do you



A LATE PHOTOGRAPH OF XENOPOULOS

(Photo: Megaloeconomou)

prefer, and why?", Xenopoulos received easily the overwhelming majority of 715 votes out of a total 832 cast.

Such a master naturally educated a wide circle of readers in reading prose written in the genuine modern language and he contributed to a very large extent to attracting more and more readers to love and appreciate modern Greek literature. He thus opened wide the road to the Greek book for a reading public which he was able to develop and multiply, and this in a newborn free country previously lacking widespread literacy.

As time passed, Xenopoulos became known also beyond the borders of Greece through numerous translations of stories, novels and plays of his in England, the United States, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania Bulgaria, Albania, and Turkey.

Xenopoulos contributed as only very few have done to the molding and development of modern Greek prose. In fact it was due to his fluent and smooth narrative style and to his close contact with and influence on his reading public that he succeeded in molding Greek literary prose and in shaping the same literary expression that is being used by most writers today. It is, indeed, unanimously acknowledged that Xenopoulos created the tradition of modern Greek prose (story, novel, play) and with his longlasting activity he vitalized the literary life of Greece. That is why Xenopoulos is not unjustly considered the father of modern Greek prose and is even praised by some as the "patriarch" or "prytanis" of modern Greek literature.

Excessive production of novels for newspapers (he collaborated on three different novels for three newspapers at the same time) is, to be sure, uneven in merit and has probably harmed Xenopoulos' talent, his poetic lyricism, philosophical thought, and his perfectness of technique. But again Xenopoulos'

art being bountiful and accessible, conquered the sympathy of very wide strata of the reading public.

The answer to the question whether Xenopoulos is or is not a great author should be trusted partly to the test of time (cf. J. Chatzinis, *Pnevmatiki Zoi* 1937, p.85).

Should the next 50 or 100 or 200 years demote Xenopoulos from the high rank that he occupies in our time (in addition to the objective evaluation of literary work it is well known that values in art in general, also in literary art, are changeable), he will still keep an honorable place as one of the pioneers and the creators and one of the strong talents of modern Greek prose, the foundations of which he preeminently shaped. His name will be associated in the history of modern Greek literature, with those of Solomos, Palamas, and of some others, not less for his contribution in the development of the language, of which in the following.

II. Xenopoulos' Importance for the Modern Greek Literary Language

With a popularity so extensive and lasting for such a long, full-scale, and active period of time, as illustrated above, it should not come as a surprise but rather it is to be expected that Xenopoulos should have made a tremendous contribution of his own in establishing a modern Greek literary norm of the new literary modern Greek language. In this respect his influence proved even greater than that of the great poet Palamas, who, by the way, was not widely read, or that of any other modern Greek writer.

Xenopoulos with his realism, good taste, and sensitive imagination finally embraced the modern language without reservations, and adopted a type of speech that is free of useless purisms or dialectal extremities, i. e. of prescribed forms that were and are in conflict with the usage in the city of Athens. He adopted the language of Athens of his time and molded it to suit his artistic feeling and the expectation of the reader. His prose is thus written in a smooth and fluent speech, a living usage, with taste and without exaggerations or dialectal forms and expressions. For it is in the hands of literary men that the literary language is molded; and the literary language differs widely from the speech of the illiterate speaker.

The wise handling by Xenopoulos of the language tool had important results:

- (1) The author with his talent in narrative succeeded in converting many an anonymous reader to the genuine modern language and he made them love it. He taught his readers that not only poetry but also prose is to be read in the true modern Greek language.

Xenopoulos thus proved to be the first conciliator between the new literary language and the reading public.

- (2) This speech type spread with Xenopoulos' productions in newspapers, magazines, and books every day in all directions and the

Athenian usage, serving now as the written, literary language, was becoming Panhellenic.

Of course Palamas' literary medium was a poetic creation of his own (Dimaras, *History* 2.106), but it was not different in essence; the difference is that of literary species; so also with other writers. The literary language of Nirvanas, Kokkinos, Papanoniou and of younger literary men who were born or brought up or educated in Athens is a normal one such as is Xenopoulos' language. However, only outstanding and popular and prolific prose-writers can achieve the goal of influencing many people. Xenopoulos, working so productively, as no other prosewriter did, and being so much read as he was, was destined to help the Athenian speech and the literary language, which arose from it, spread over the country and finally prevail as the accepted Panhellenic literary medium. Xenopoulos did not solve the language question, as Kambanis (*History* 297) and K. Theotokis (see M. Sigouros, *Ionios Anthologyia* 1939, p. 45—*Elliniki Dimiouryia* 7.179) thought, he solved it for himself. But in general he helped to speed the solution of the language problem and this help was considerable. Due also to Xenopoulos' wise course and to the great popularity of his art the struggle for the victory of the living language of the nation made decisive progress. This contribution of his to the victorious establishment of modern Greek will be counted as a most precious credit to Xenopoulos. He created with his long work the language tradition of modern Greek prose.

Xenopoulos' language was the rising common language with its birthplace Athens, the administrative, commercial, religious, and intellectual center. Such a type of language was no one's special possession. The author with his innate sense adopted this **common language in the making** and could never go wrong. His language in his writings was

(Continued on Page 67)

My Prince of Dreams

A Play by Gregorios Xenopoulos

(Translated by D. MICHALAROS)

Athene has been fortunate to secure the manuscript of Xenopoulos' last play, bearing the title "TO VASILOPOULO TOY ONEIROU" which could be translated "The Prince of Dreams" or "My Prince of Dreams".

On the opposite page we reproduce a section from the manuscript showing the cast of characters in Xenopoulos' own handwriting. The play is written in his best style and was finished in 1940. It was never produced. The plot is simple but interesting and as set forth by the master it creates its own poetic illusion, especially in the second act.

Anna or Anniouka as she calls herself, is the adopted daughter of George and Arsinoe Drosinos, a wealthy couple, living near Athens. Stamatis Drosinos, George's brother is the real father of Anna, and she seems to have been told of the secret of her adoption by an old nurse, but this revelation is of little importance in the play. Neither her real father nor her adopted parents are aware of the fact that she knows.

What is important is that George wants to see his daughter married to a substantial man. A business man for instance. So they suggest the son of a wealthy baker, who is also manager of his father's plant. She would not hear of it, on account of his prosaic profession, and because his folks are below her social station. You see Anna is romantic, and she would rather marry a poet or an artist preferably one who is also an aristocrat.

In the meantime, Kostas Kambires, an old friend of George moves to Athens with his family from their native island. They have a son, Julius, who has secured a position as clerk with a bank in Athens. The two cronies conspire to bring their children together, object matrimony. The idea is diplomatically broached to Anna, who upon hearing that this new suitor works in a bank, rejects him instantly. She even refuses to see him.

Now it appears that Julius is a friend of the Savides family who live next door to the Drosinos in a beautiful palatial villa. But the two families, the Drosinos and the Savides are not acquainted yet. Julius and the Savides children are interested in amateur theatricals, and as there is a little theatre in the Savides villa, they organize performances now and then. All this comes out in the first act.

The second act which we have translated here, takes place on the stage of this little theatre, while they are about to give such a performance. The play within the play is a Fantasy which takes place in a medieval Royal Court, with Julius in the role of the Prince. Other characters in the Fantasy are:

AGIS SAVIDES (One of the Savides boys) in the role of the Old Chancellor of the Court. (OC).

MARIUS SAVIDES his brother, Actor B! in Fantasy

FOULA SAVIDES their sister, not in the Fantasy but appears in Scene I. Act II.

KIMON (A friend of the Savides Family) Actor A!

LILIAN (Another friend of the Savides Family) As the Queen in Fantasy

TZITZIKA (Another friend) As the Princess in Fantasy

MYRTO, as lady in waiting of Queen.

ALCIS and CHRIS as prompters

And TWO PAGES (Page A! and B!)

These are the players who appear on the little stage in the Savides villa, Scene I, Act II, presumably before Fantasy starts. In the second Scene, in addition to many of above characters, Anna appears as herself with Maria her maid. Second Scene takes place in Drosinos park.

ACT II—(Scene I)

As real curtain rises we see the players of the Fantasy on stage of the Savides Villa Little Theatre. Some are dressed, some are still in their street clothes and some are in the act of making up for their parts. Up stage we see the false stage of the little theatre. Actors A! and B! are in their street clothes throughout this scene.

OLD CHANCELLOR: (Loud) Did any of you see Julius? Isn't he dressed yet? (Calls) Hey, Julius!

QUEEN: He went for a stroll in the garden.

O. C.: Does he forget that he is in the first act, and at the very beginning too?

QUEEN: He said he can dress in a jiffy.

O. C.: Oh yeah! That's what he thinks. (To one of Pages) Andrew, go out there and tell him to hurry back. (Exit Page).

ACTOR B!: (To Queen) That flower doesn't merge so well with your personality. A white one will do better.

QUEEN: You are wrong, sir. I like this red one.

ACTOR B!: And your crown, why lopsided. Is that the new style in this court?

PRINCESS: Let me fix it for you, dear. (She adjusts Queen's crown).

ACTOR A!: Come here, you! (Seizes Princess by the hand). In our scene I am supposed to give you a real kiss, not the way we pretended in the rehearsals. What will the audience think? They'll laugh.

PRINCESS: No siree! My mother said no! I am not a little girl any longer, you know.

ACTOR A!: Does she have to know?

PRINCESS: She will see us, won't she?

ACTOR A!: It will be all over . . . before she knows what happened.

PRINCESS: At least you shouldn't kiss me in the mouth. Kiss me up here (Shows her brow) or on the cheek.

ACTOR A1: Listen sweet. The script says that we must kiss, understand? In the mouth.

PRINCESS: But we never rehearsed like that before.

ACTOR A1: (Emphatic) All right. We'll do it now. Come, say your lines. Go ahead! "I cannot believe it yet . . ."

PRINCESS: "I cannot believe it yet, that you can fall in love with little me . . ."

ACTOR A1: I can prove it.

PRINCESS: How!

ACTOR A1: Like this (Kisses her quick in the mouth) But what about you? You didn't kiss me. See! Just like that. (He kisses her again. She kisses him.) There you are? Did anything bad happen to you?

PRINCESS: Yea, but mama wasn't looking. (Enter Page)

PAGE: I brought him back. I had a hard time to get him off the garden.

JULIUS: (Entering moments after the Page) Here I am. Did someone call me?

O. C.: I called you. Aren't you going to dress?

JULIUS: What do you mean dress? We have a whole hour yet. I can be ready in five minutes. See, I have everything here. All set down to the last pin. Why all the hurry? For Pete's sake, even Myrto is all dressed up, and she doesn't come in till the second act. What's the matter with you people?

MYRTO: (Dressed as Lady in Waiting for the Queen) Look here smarty. I am not going to wait till the last minute. This business of dressing for this role is a job.

JULIUS: Not for me though. Say, who lives in that villa next door? Do you know, Agis?

O. C.: Have no idea. They just moved here.

JULIUS: Aren't you curious?

O. C.: Curious? Why? We never bother.

JULIUS: At least haven't you seen the girl?

O. C.: Oh, so they have a daughter.

ACTOR B1: I saw her once in their park.

JULIUS: And you mean you didn't lose your head over her?

ACTOR B1: She looked pretty all right, but not the kind to lose your head over her. You must have seen her from our garden.

JULIUS: Did I see her! Did I see her! Boy, all dressed in white. Why, in that moonlight, she was something out of this world . . .

O. C.: I see. I see. This explains everything.

JULIUS: It explains nothing, Agis. Say, one thing more. Do you know a family in these parts by the name of Drosinos? Ever heard that name around here?

O. C.: Not that I know of. Why?

JULIUS: I have an idea.

O. C.: You mean her . . .

JULIUS: That's what I mean. My father knows them well. Never met them. But dad said that they have a beautiful daughter, a big private park, and that they live near the Savides Villa. That's it. He called on them last week. So that's the one! And now that I have figured everything out, — no thanks to you, Agis — I go dress. (Exit).

O. C.: This beats everything. I wonder if she is worth his making all this fuss over her.

ACTOR B1: I never paid any attention to her. Foola saw her once. In fact she was telling us something about her the other day, but I don't remember what . . .

O. C.: Let's ask her. (To Princess who peeps through curtain) Say you. Get away from that curtain. You are not supposed to peep like that.

PRINCESS: I beg your pardon, Mr. Chancellor. I just wanted to see what kind of a crowd we have. I don't see anybody out there yet.

ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΥ ΞΕΝΟΠΟΥΛΟΥ
ΤΗΣ ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑΣ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ

ΤΟ ΒΑΣΙΛΟΠΟΥΛΟ ΤΟΥ ΟΝΕΙΡΟΥ

ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΓΕΩΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ ΔΡΟΣΙΝΟΪ, ἡρώς εὐνομένης
ΑΡΣΙΝΟΗ ΔΡΟΣΙΝΟΪ, παλαιά του.
ΑΝΝΙΟΥΣΚΑ (ΑΝΝΟΥΛΑ) ἡν ὁ, αὐτὴν ἔχει.
ΟΘΕΙΟΣ-ΣΤΑΜΑΤΗΣ, ἡρώς, εὐχὴς ἀδελφὸς τοῦ Γεωργίου.
ΜΑΡΙΑ, νέα κοπέλα ἀπὸ Δροσίνου.
ΚΩΣΤΑΣ ΚΑΜΠΙΡΗΣ, αὐτὸς ἡρώς, ἀδελφὸς τοῦ Γεωργίου.
ΓΙΟΥΛΗΣ ΚΑΜΠΙΡΗΣ, παῖς τοῦ ἡρώος, τὸ κοινὸν ἀδελφὸς, 26 ἐτῶν.

ἌΓΗΣ ΖΑΒΒΙΑΔΗΣ, εὐχὴς τοῦ Γεωργίου (ὁ ΓΕΡΩΣ ΠΑΛΑΤΙΑΝΟΣ τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ)
ΜΑΡΙΟΣ ΖΑΒΒΙΑΔΗΣ, ἀδελφὸς τοῦ Ὀ' Β' Ἄνδρος τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ)
ΦΟΥΛΑ ΖΑΒΒΙΑΔΗ, ἀδελφὴ τοῦ.
ΚΙΜΩΝ, εὐχὴς τοῦ Ὀ' Α' Ἄνδρος τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ)
ΛΙΛΙΑΝ εὐχὴς τοῦ Ὀ' ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΑ τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ).
ΤΖΙΤΖΙΚΑ, νεαρή εὐχὴς τοῦ Ὀ' ΒΑΣΙΛΟΠΟΥΛΑ τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ).
ΜΥΡΤΩ (ΚΥΡΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΤΙΜΩΝ τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ)
ἈΛΚΗΣ (ὁ ἡρώς τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ)
ΧΡΗΣΤΟΣ (ὁ ὁδοχὸς τοῦ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ)
Α' Παρόντος (Πάτ). " "
Β' Παρόντος (Πάτ) " "

Ἡ Σκηνὴ ἀρχοῦν ὁ ἦν ἀποδίδει τὴν Ἀθήναι, ἀπὸ μέρους
ἔξω τοῦ Δροσίνου ὅπου ὁ δὲ σκηνὴς τῆς. Ἡ Ἀ' εὐνομένης Δωδεκάτης
τῆς δὲ μέρους ἔξω τοῦ Σαββιδίου, ὅπου νεαροὶ ἑαυτοῦ ἀδελφὸς
τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἦν Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ.

Σκηνισμὸς. — Ὁ Παλαμίδου ἑαυτοῦ, ὁ Γεωργίου Καραῖος νεαροὶ τοῦ
Βασίλειου (τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἀδελφὸς). Ἀπὸ τῶν ἀγῶν ἑαυτοῦ, δὲ ὁ.
ναὶ ἐξαεῖται καὶ ἀποσπᾶται ἕνα δὲ σκηνὴ. Τίς: ὁ Μυρτώ (Κωστής
τοῦ Τίμου), ὁ Μίχης Δαββιδίου (ὁ Β' Ἄνδρος), ὁ Χρήστος (ὁ ἡρώς), ὁ Χρήστος
(ὁ ὁδοχὸς) πορεύει καὶ μὲν αὐτὸς, ἢ καὶ αὐτοῦ ἀδελφὸς ὁδοχὸς
τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

1940

Ξενοπούλου

A PAGE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE PLAY
"MY PRINCE OF DREAMS" SHOWING CAST OF
CHARACTERS IN THE AUTHOR'S HANDWRITING.

O. C.: Too early. They'll come. You know what they say.
Free vinegar tastes like honey.

PRINCESS: Is it vinegar we are giving them tonight?

O. C.: I don't know. The play is sweet, but I am afraid
no one here knows their part. No one except Julius.

ACTOR B1: He acts well. But of course, he has been in
so many of these things he is now like a professional. I guess
you are right about the rest of us. We are all green.

ACTOR A1: (Seizing Princess by arm) You . . .

PRINCESS: What do you want now. More rehearsals?

ACTOR A1: No, you kiss well. I only hope the show
will be as successful as your kisses. Say, what kind of rouge
do you use. Does it wear off?

PRINCESS: Not this rouge, mister. It's kissproof.

ACTOR A!: Fine. "I can't believe it yet, that you can fall in love with poor little me", that's what you say when I kiss you. You are supposed to be a little girl, but you are not so little, baby!

PRINCESS: Neither am I a princess, but I play the part.

ACTOR A!: I know. I know. But do you actually believe that a big fellow like me can love you?

PRINCESS: As long as you kiss me I have to believe it. Don't I kiss you too?

ACTOR A!: I don't mean in the play.

PRINCESS: What?

ACTOR A!: Don't get alarmed. Your kisses have done something to me. I love you.

PRINCESS: Leave me alone. (She runs to where Agis with a group of players have been talking for some time now).

OC: (Loud) Where is the prompter? (Prompter enters right holding manuscript).

PROMPTER: Here I am.

OC: Did you correct those line? I hope you won't get mixed up like you did at the rehearsal.

PROMPTER: No sir. Everything is under control.

OC: Watch your cues. I want no mix ups.

PROMPTER: Don't blame me. These people don't know their parts.

(Enter Julius. He is dressed like a legendary Prince).

JULIUS: See. All set to go. Now feast your eyes on Prince Adalbert. (They all approach Julius, admiring his Princely attire).

DIFFERENT VOICES: Excellent. Well done Julius! Here comes the Prince of Dreams! Look at the cute little sword. And the hat . . . my, my, a real prince . . .

JULIUS: You know, I fixed all these myself. I designed and made them too.

QUEEN: And that baby face of yours, how did you make it so cute.

JULIUS: That I didn't have to make up.

OC: You are an artist, Julius.

JULIUS: I'll tell you. My job is so routine, you know, at the bank so I help break the monotony with this. Quite a hobby, eh-

OC: Would you like to do this every night?

JULIUS: If I could, why not.

OC: Are you all here? The prompter. Where is the prompter?

PROMPTER: Here I am. All set to go?

OC: In a moment. Just be ready.

PROMPTER: Again? Do I have to dress too? No. On the contrary I am going to undress. See, I'll take off my coat. I have read this thing thirty five hundred times, and I am the only one here who knows it by heart. Shall I get into my booth?

OC: Not yet. Not yet. I'll tell you when.

FOULA SAVIDES: (Enters right). Well, all ready I see . . . Time to start, you know. (They all surround her).

OC: We start right away. Anybody out there?

FOULA: The house is filling up. And to tell you the truth, they seem to be getting impatient already. Why don't you ring the first bell?

OC: Right. Here goes. (Rings) Must be hot?

FOULA: You mean in the hall? Not very. The windows are all np. My, but you look a swell bunch, all of you. And you, Julius. What a set up. Let me look at you some more. My, my what a make up.

ACTOR B!: Foul, Foul, can I see you a minute? Julius, come here, too. (Julius and Old Chancellor approach Actor B!) Julius here wants to know something and I believe you can help him. What is the name of the family next door? You

know the one with the small villa and the big park?

FOULA: Drosinos. Why?

OC: Nothing. Do they have a daughter?

FOULA: Yes. Pretty, too. But why you ask?

OC: (Pointing Julius) His Majesty saw her strolling in her park tonight and . . .

FOULA: So that's it? Well, she seems extremely romantic.

One would see her strolling up and down her park at all hours, day dreaming. She is good looking, though, definitely good looking. I better rush out there to take care of the guests. I shouldn't let mama do all the work . . . Now don't be late, folks . . . and good luck. (She starts to go. Julius runs after her. As she turns for a moment and sees Julius, she stops). (Smiling) What is it now. I suppose you want to hear more about Miss Drosinos?

JULIUS: (Eagerly like a child). Yes. Tell me everything you know about her.

FOULA: Say, are you that serious?

JULIUS: Well, she sort of impressed me.

FOULA: How come? (To Queen who is on other side of stage). Lillian, fix your dress. It looks longer on one side. (Queen rearranges dress).

JULIUS: You ask me how this happened? I don't know.

FOULA: Yes, but what about us? Don't you think we'll be jealous?

JULIUS: You?

FOULA: Why not!

JULIUS: I never figured that my interest in some other girl would make you jealous. (Laughing) Are you in love with me?

FOULA: That's not always necessary. A girl does not have to be in love to get jealous. Look, there are ten girls here. You see us every day, for months now, and I'll be darned if you took the slightest interest in any of us. But along comes this Drosinos girl you see her once, and blub! down you go. (To the Princess who is up stage) Tzitzika, tonight you look divine.

PRINCESS: Some one else told me that too.

FOULA: Naughty! Naughty! Now, be careful, your Mama would be watching tonight. (To Julius) What were we saying?

JULIUS: You were just saying that I lost my mind over the Drosinos girl the first time I saw her. That isn't true.

FOULA: You mean you saw her more than once?

JULIUS: I mean it isn't true that I lost my head over her. But of course that cannot be excluded altogether either.

FOULA: It could happen.

JULIUS: She struck me so unusual. Perhaps if I see her again . . . But tell me, don't you know her at all?

FOULA: I can't say that I do.

JULIUS: Then how do you know anything about her. The few things you just told me.

FOULA: Well, I see her. As I said, I see her often in the park, walking up and down or sitting there under a tree in a rapturous mood.

JULIUS: In the evening, too? I mean does she stay out late at night?

FOULA: Yes, I saw her many times late, as late as ten.

JULIUS: (Happy) Then I will see her again . . . tonight.

FOULA: Ah, ah! Then you are stuck for good. (Hurriedly) I better go now. Bye, bye, children. Tzitzika, be a good girl now. And you, Julius, be a nice boy. (Exit).

OC: You know, Julius. If you are really interested in that girl you should let her see you the way you are dressed now.

JULIUS: You mean disguised as a Prince?

OC: Exactly.

JULIUS: Yea but won't she be disappointed when she sees me later as I am?

OC: I don't think so. The difference won't be so great. but think of that first impression. Didn't you hear how romantic she is? Didn't you hear what Foul just said?

JULIUS: I think I'll take another stroll in the garden. She might be around, you know. (Starts to go).

OC: (Holds him back). Just a minute, fellow. You can't leave now . . .

JULIUS: (Breaking away) You know it will take me only a second. (Rushes out).

OC: There we go again. (Claps his hands hard) Children, we start. This is the second bell now (Rings bell and continues talking) Everybody off the stage. I come out first, and as soon as I finish my monologue, the Queen comes in. Come, now. Everybody out. (They all go to the wings; the last to leave the Princess with Actor Al).

ACTOR Al: (Holds Princess on the way out) Now we are all alone. Tell me, before I go to dress, do you love me?

PRINCESS: (Struggling to get away) Let me go. Yes, I love you.

ACTOR Al: (Still holding her) One last rehearsal, then. (He kisses her). And you, how about you?

PRINCESS: (She kisses him) These blooming rehearsals! Pretty soon you will make me fall really in love with you. (She leaves. He follows her. The stage is now empty).

OC: (Returns with a bunch of flowers which he places in a vase). See. They forgot these. Let's see if anything else is missing. (Looks around) I guess everything is all right. (Calls) O. K. Turn on the footlights. (Footlights on). The prompter? Chris, where are you. (Chris gets into Prompter's booth). Alkis, take the cane. Remember the signal. Three strikes. (First thump is heard backstage) Wait a minute. Someone is missing. Julius! Where is Julius? Anybody seen Julius? That fellow will be the end of us yet. Someone go out in the garden and call him quick:

A Voice from the Wings: Julius is here.

OC: Lord be praised. (As he sees Julius) About time . . . two minutes, you call that two minutes . . .

JULIUS: I told you I'll be back in time.

OC: I don't know. When a man gets into the state of mind you are in now, anything may happen.

JULIUS: You know, Agis. She is not strolling in her garden any more. She sat under a big tree with her maid at her feet. A perfect picture.

OC: Very glad to hear it. Come on girl! (Julius rushes out).

OC (Now alone on stage) Alkis, second signal . . . ready, third . . . curtain! (At the third thump curtain comes down while the false one 'back stage seems to go up).

ACT II (Scene Two)

In a full moon the Drosinos Park is flooded with moonlight. Trees, bushes, wild flowers. Backstage a low fence separates the Drosinos Park from the Savides garden. And in the depth Savides' great Palatial Villa is silhouetted, all windows lit. The Drosinos Mansion does not appear at all, only the Drosinos Park down stage.

In the middle of the stage a big tree, with a swing on one of its branches. Swing is not in use, gathered up on branch. Under the tree we see Anna stretched on a bed of dry leaves, her maid on a rustic bench next to her, holding a gray shawl. Ann wears a white skirt, her hair is flowing down.

MARIA: Shall I cover you up a bit? You might fall asleep and catch cold.

ANN: No. No! I don't feel sleepy yet. I stretched down just to watch the sky which looks so beautiful tonight with that big beautiful full moon. It simply drips silver and gold and so clear. Not a tiny bit of a cloud in sight. Maria, you can go in if you want to. Nothing can happen to me out here, you know.

MARIA: No. Your mother said that I shouldn't leave you alone, and that we shouldn't stay out late either. So I guess, I'll stay.

ANN: Stay then. Sit down.

MARIA: Can I talk to you?

ANN: Talk. What is it?

MARIA: I probably shouldn't ask you. But is it true they brought you another one?

ANN: Another one!

MARIA: Another prospective groom, I mean.

ANN: Who told you?

MARIA: I overheard something while your mother and father were talking about it.

ANN: They were talking, eh! What did they say?

MARIA: That you rejected this one, too, without even seeing him.



AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF XENOPOULOS AND HIS WIFE
TAKEN AT THE ZAPPEION IN 1914

ANN: I saw his father . . . that's enough.

MARIA: The father may be one thing and the son another. He may be handsome.

ANN: Beauty is not the whole story, Maria. There are other things, too.

MARIA: I think I understand. You mean his family is not . . . in your class.

ANN: Perhaps.

MARIA: Your folks think he is all right though. But then the first one was good, too . . . I guess I better not say any more . . .

ANN: What do you mean?

MARIA: Well, I was thinking maybe you are in love with some one. That's why you reject all these suitors who come around.

ANN: I am in love with no one. If I were you would know.

(Continued on Page 57)

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT GREGORIOS XENOPOULOS

By ELIAS ZIOGAS

(Elias Zogias is a well known writer, and the American representative of the influential Greek literary magazine "Krikos" published in London. In this article he evaluates the importance of Xenopoulos as a writer and rightly concludes that if Xenopoulos were writing in a language like English he would have had world wide fame and would have amassed a fortune).

ΛΙΓΑ ΛΟΓΙΑ

ΓΙΑ ΤΟΝ ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟ ΞΕΝΟΠΟΥΛΟ

του 'Ηλία Ζιώγα

Ὅσεσδήποτε ἐπιφυλάξεις καὶ ἂν ἔχει κανεὶς γιὰ τὸν Ξενοπούλο (καὶ γιὰ πᾶν δὲν ἔχει κανεὶς;) δὲν μπρέχει παρὰ ν' ἀναγνωρίσει στὸ τέλος, τὴν ἀπώτερη σημασία τοῦ ὀνόματος του καὶ τῆς προσφοράς του μέσα στὰ Νεοελληνικὰ Γράμματα.

Αὐτὴ τῇ διαπίστωση κ' αὐτὴ τὴν ὁμολογία, θὰ τὴν κἀμει ὁποῖος ἔχει, πρῶτον, ρεαλιστικὲς καὶ προσγειωμένες ἀντιλήψεις γιὰ τὴν Τέχνη, ξεκαθαρισμένες δηλαδὴ, καὶ δευτέρων, ὅποιος δὲν ξεχνᾷ τὴ σχετικὴν ἱστορία τοῦ τόπου ὅπου γεννήθηκε κ' ἔδρασε σαν πνευματικὸς ἀνθρώπος ὁ Ξενοπούλος.

Μάλλα λόγια, ὅταν δὲν κρίνει κανεὶς μὲ ἀπόλυτα μέτρα, μὲ τὰ μέτρα τῶν ἀριστουργημάτων καὶ τῶν μεγαλοφυῶν, ὅπως ἔκαμε λ.χ. ὁ Φῶτος Πολίτης, καὶ ὅταν δὲν ξεχνα τίς συνθήκες (τοπικὲς, χρονικὲς, πνευματικὲς κλπ.) ὅπου μέσα δούλεψεν ὁ συγγραφέας τοῦ «Μυθιστορήματος τῆς Φωτεινῆς Σάντερη».

Ἄν ἔτσι ἀντιμετωπίσουμε τὸν Ξενοπούλο καὶ τὸ ἔργο του, δὲν μπορεῖ, παρὰ νὰ ὁμολογήσουμε τὴν πολυτιμότητα τῆς προσφοράς του. Μάλιστα, ἔξω ἀπὸ τὴν ὅποιαν ἀξία τοῦ πεζογραφικοῦ (καὶ θεατρικοῦ μαζί) ἔργου του, ὑπάρχει κ' ἓνας ἄλλος παράγοντας, σὰν ἀστάμητος αὐτός, πὺν ἀδυνατοῦμε νὰ παραβλέψουμε καὶ ν' ἀγνοήσουμε. Εἶναι ἡ ἀγαθοποιὸς ἐπίδραση πὺν ἐξασκοῦσεν ἡ προσωπικότητά του σὺλους μας γενικῶς, μὲ ὅλα δὲ τὰ μέσα. Ὅχι δηλαδὴ, μόνο μὲ τὴν πέννα, ἀλλὰ καὶ μὲ τὸν τρόπο τῆς ἡσυχῆς πνευματικῆς ζωῆς του, μὲ τὸ ἥρεμο, πρᾶο καὶ ἀπεριτο ὕφος του, τὸ ἔξο ἀπὸ ρητορικὰ σχήματα καὶ μπουγιο, μὲ τὴ συμπεριφορά του σὺς κοινωνικὲς του σχέσεις μὲ τὴν ἐκκλησιαστικὴ συνέπεια πὺν βλέπουμε νὰ ὑπάρχει ἀνάμεσα ἀνθρώπου καὶ ἔργου, τέλος καὶ πάνω ἀπὸ ὅλα, μὲ τὸν πολιτισμὸ πὺν ξεπηδᾷ μέσ' ἀπὸ τὰ γραφτά του, εἴτε πρόκειται γιὰ θέατρο, εἴτε γιὰ μυθιστόρημα, εἴτε γιὰ διήγημα, ἢ κριτικὴ, ἢ δοκίμιο, ἢ χρονογράφημα ἢ τέλος ἐπιστολὴ πὺν ἀνήγαγε ὅπως καὶ ἄλλα εἶδη, σὲ αὐτόνομο καὶ αὐτετελὲς ἔργο τέχνης.

Ἄν ὁ Ξενοπούλος ἔγραφε σὲ μιὰ παγκόσμιο γλῶσσα, θάταν, σίγουρα ἑκατὸ τοῖς ἑκατὸ, καὶ πολὺ προτοῦ τὸν χάσουμε διὰ παντός, ἓνας διεθνὴς συγγραφέας καμμία δὲ διάκριση καὶ τιμὴ δὲν θάταν μεγαλειότερη τοῦ ἀναστήματος του.

Εἴπαμε ἂν . . . Ἀλήθεια, ἂν ἡ γλῶσσα μας ἦταν καὶ πάλι τώρα, ὅπως πῦλαι ποτὲ, μιὰ παγκόσμια γλῶσσα, πόσο καὶ ὁ σεμνὸς καὶ ταπεινὸς συγγραφέας τοῦ «Κόκκινου Βράχου», λόγῳ ἀκριβῶς τῆς ἀπόλυτης οικονομικῆς ἀνεξαρτησίας πὺν θὰ εἶχε, θὰ ξεπερνοῦσε ποιητικά, αὐτὸς ἑαυτόν . . .

Κι' ὁμως, παρ' ὅλ' αὐτά, ὅ,τι ἔκαμε, καὶ ὅ,τι ἔδωσε καὶ ὅ,τι μᾶς ἐκληρονόμησε, ἔτσι ἢ ἄλλοιῶς, εἶναι σπουδαῖο καὶ σημαντικό, καὶ καθὼς τόπαμε καὶ ἄλλοτε, ἓνα

μέρος αὐτοῦ, τὸ θέατρο του συγκεκριμένα, γιὰ πολὺν καιρὸ, θὰ ὑπάρχει καὶ θὰ ζεῖ μέσα στὰ ρεπορτάγια τῶν θεάτρων τοῦ αὔριο.

Τὸ Θεάτρό μας, τὸ Νεοελληνικὸ, αὐτὸς τὸ ἀναμόρφωσε κ' αὐτὸς τὸ διακλήρωσε καὶ αὐτὸς τέλος, τὸ πλούτισε μὲ τὴ σχετικὴ κληρονομία του μὲ τὴν ὁποία τὸ προίκισε. Κομμάτια ὅπως λ.χ. «Οἱ Φοιτητές», ἀκριβῶς γιὰτὶ γράφτηκαν ἀπὸ ἐμπνευσμένο μάστορα, θὰ προκαλοῦν πάντα τὸ ἐνδιαφέρον, κ' ὅταν ἀκόμα ὁ μῦθος τῶν θάνατι ξεπερασμένος . . . Ἀλήθεια, ὁ μῦθος τοῦ παραπάνω ἔργου του, δὲν μᾶς συγκαθεῖ πλέον, αὐτὸς καθ' ἑαυτόν. Μὰ μὲ πόσὴν εὐχαρίστηση πνευματικῇ, μὲ πόσον ἀδιάπτωτο ἐνδιαφέρον, παρακολουθοῦμε τὴ διδασκαλία του ἀπὸ τὴ σκηνή!

Αὐτό, ἐφ' ὅσον ἀληθεύει, καθὼς πιστεύουμε, σημαίνει ὅτι ὁ συγγραφέας ἔχει κατακτήσει ἀπολύτως τὸ εἶδος πὺν καλλιεργεῖ τὸ Θεάτρο στὴν προκειμένη περίπτωση), κ' αὐτὸ ἀκριβῶς γιὰτὶ δὲν παρατηρεῖται μὲ τοὺς περιοστέρους ἀπὸ ἐκείνους πὺν ἐπιμόνως ζητοῦν νὰ στήνουν πάνω στὴ σκηνὴ πλάσματα ἄφυχα κ' ἀνόητα πὺν κινοῦνται καθὼς εἰ μαριονέτες, ἀποτελεῖ τὸ καλλίτερο καὶ τὸν πιὸ μεγάλου ἔπαινο.

Ὁ Ξενοπούλος, δικαιούται αὐτοῦ τοῦ ἐπαινοῦ, ὅπως δικαιούται καὶ ἓνός ἄλλου πὺν ἀφορᾷ τὸ ὑπόλοιπο πεζογραφικὸ του ἔργο—τὰ μυθιστορήματά του, τὰ διηγήματά του κλπ., ἢ ἀνάγνωση τῶν ὁποίων ἀπὸ ὅλους μας, συνέτεινε μαζί μὲ ἄλλα διαβάσματα, στὸ νὰ βλέπουμε τὸν κόσμο κάπως ἄλλοιῶτικα ἀπὸ ὅ,τι τὸν βλέπουν ὅλοι ἐκεῖνοι, πὺν δὲν κοινοῦν μὲ τὴν Τέχνη . . .

New York City

October 14th, 1952

ΗΛΙΑΣ ΖΙΩΓΑΣ



XENOPOULOS (Center) WITH TWO ACTORS, LOGOTHETIDES AND MISS LIVIKOU, DURING THE PREMIERE OF HIS PLAY "POLYGAMY" 1949

(Photo: MEGALOECONOMOU)

II.

GEORGE DROSINIS

The Modern Theocritus

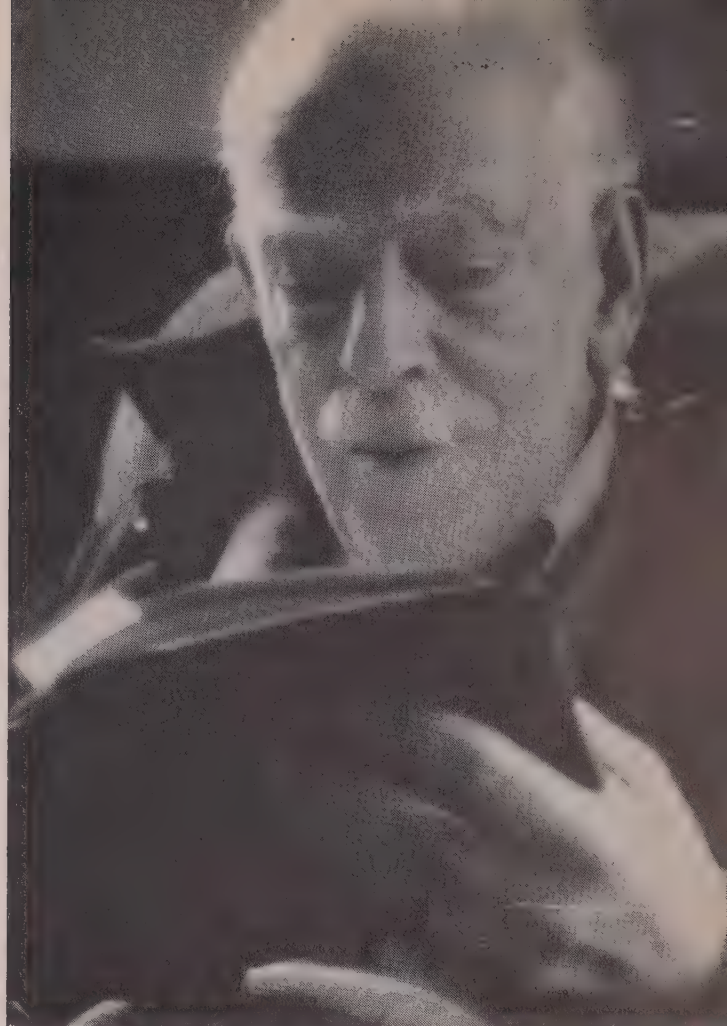


Photo: PAPAIOANNOU

George Drosinis (1859-1951) and His Work

By DEMETRIUS J. GEORGACAS, University of Utah

George Drosinis is a very important figure in the history of modern Greek letters and culture. As a poet, prosewriter, editor, administrator, and many-sided intellectual personage, Drosinis was a tireless worker, active and creative for almost three quarters of a century, an intellectual man with striking and fruitful activity.

I. LIFE AND ACTIVITIES

For Drosinis' life we have at our disposal, in addition to other sources, his own **Literary Memoirs** ("Scattered Leaves of My Life"), a narrative of his life and times as well as numerous reminiscences about contemporary life and people of over half a century. At the beginning of the first volume he says in a little poem:

With the coming of winter Life shakes her leaves
And as many as the wind does not take, memory gathers
them.

The earliest known ancestor of the poet was the klepht leader Anastasis Drosinis in Aetolia. Anastasis' son was George, called **Karayorgos** (Black

George) by reason of his dark complexion, who married in 1819; of him the poet's father was born on the little island of Kalamos near Ithaca at the time when Karayorgos had been lost in the battles of Mesolonghi. Souvenirs of his grandfather were in the possession of our poet, who wrote a poem of thirty-six lines to him, which begins thus:

Oh, my forefather whom I never knew
Nor did I see thy painted portrait,
Sword, watch, and ring are left,
Three mementos of thy bravery. (Memoirs 1.9).

Drosinis' grandfather on his mother's side was Constantine Petrokokkinos, who married in 1839 receiving in the bride's dowry half a village, along with a manor at Gouves, in northern Euboea near Xerochori. The poet's father married Amalia, the daughter of Petrokokkinos, in 1859 when both her father and he were civil servants. On the twenty-second of December of the same year (December 9, 1859 according to the Julian calendar then in use) George Drosinis was born in Athens in the district of Plaka; though this, being the birthday of Queen

Amalia, was celebrated with a twenty-one gun salute, "I didn't receive any gift of bravery and warlike spirit from their flame and smoke," says the poet (*Memoirs* 1.19). When he was five years old, the family moved to a new home where the school for girls Arsakeio later stood. As much of his childhood as the poet describes for us is movingly charming. As a boy he had everything. The first unfulfilled desire in his life while a child was to acquire a real pony, which he continually requested; he did not like the toy pony which they gave him. His father used to take him to church Sundays, and with his father he went for the first time up to the Acropolis and saw the Parthenon. His tolerant mother, finding him sometimes annoying, would threaten him: "When will holy September come!," September when he was to go to school. He was a very good pupil. "My first schoolyear," he relates, "was marked by two kisses, one that I gave and one that I received" (*ibid.* 1.60). While he was playing hide and seek with a girl, a little smaller than he, she hit her forehead and little George kissed it in order to make it well, but the unsympathetic teacher, the "Ogress", as the children named her, beat him. When, fifty years later, Drosinis happened to relate the incident to some ladies, the recipient of the kiss protested that such a thing never happened! Had she admitted that she and the poet had been fellow-students, what would have happened with the reckoning of her age! Drosinis had given the kiss anyway. The kiss he received was from a school-mate's aunt when, during the exercises of the first year, little George read an Aesop's fable and she, filled with enthusiasm, kissed the boy. "What that kiss was! The first woman's kiss that had been given me! Her kiss was the prize of my exercises" (*Memoirs* 1.59). Drosinis was good in mathematics, physics, and above all in chemistry. Of his teachers it was Nikoklis who remained unforgettable to him, a lively man who breathed life into the lifeless ancient texts; he compared Achilles to Thanasis Diakos, the Achaeans to the klephts, etc. To the family's tshiflik (with the old manor) at Gouves young George went just after his graduation from the classical gymnasium (see *Memoirs* 1.6 ff.); there the elder Drosinis "became from the first hour my friend, my companion, my older brother" (*Memoirs* 1.85); they used to go hunting together; his father even gave him his first cigarette to taste their own Gouves tobacco. There also George started fishing. When later his father sold the estate, the young man sat on a rock in the depths of the forest and, he says, "Tears took hold of me" (*Memoirs* 1.114). In such a rustic retreat was living poetry. So also later in Germany in the little country house of Goethe, he tells us, "Here I found more pure poetry" (*Memoirs* 1.422).

In way of life Drosinis was the direct opposite of the great Palamas. Palamas never left his office, never left Greece, and within Greece he made very few trips and even these not of his own initiative. Drosinis, on the other hand, was a nature lover in fact and an athlete. At twenty-four years in 1873 he was one of the best runners, with Spyros Merkouris, later mayor of Athens, as his opponent; he was learning fencing; he regularly attended the

public gymnasium. From the eighteenth year he was a hunter; having discharged his first rifle shot at Gouves, he continued Sunday hunting in the environs of Athens; he later wrote a guide for the hunter, a little book "The Hunter" (in the series of "Useful Books"). However, the load of a sin of his in Gouves, his first murder, that of an unfortunate turtledove in a cold fountain, and his nearsightedness made him, as he says, an unskilled hunter.

But it is the sea and the life on the sea that was Drosinis' great love and that is reflected in his poetry. He himself said: "Indeed, my poetic work is distinguished by its sea-adoration." (Kominis 29). The last stanza of his Hymn to the Sea runs thus:

And if my Fate has destined for me
That I be buried in thy bosom,
What an envied tomb!
I'll find a second Heaven
Like the azure one above
In thy azure bosom!

But even more it was fishing which fascinated him. He enjoyed fishing at Choreftò of Pilio. On the Piliotic seashore he made the true acquaintance of, and fell in love with, the sea. On the shore of Oropos the family built a villa and the one brother went hunting and the other fishing. Drosinis admired the fishermen. On outings to the sea he had as company John Valaoritis, director of the National Bank, in the latter's cutter. He admired Alexander Zaimis, the man famous for his silence in politics and nevertheless a very lively speaker about the fishing art as well as a good fisherman. About Zaimis' character Drosinis had composed the distich:

Our respectable president has the double grace:
He is a fisherman on the sea and on dryland he is a fish.

On the human side Drosinis rated love above everything else; "To take a heart, give your own", he wrote somewhere. Eleven days before his death, on his birthday, he said to a lady visitor, "He who does not love has not known God, for God is love." And he tells us how he wants love to be in his "Luminous Darknesses" (p. 7). In *The Alphabet of Love* he speaks of the love of the two sexes:

A: Begin, tongue, to talk and let the song run,
Because love has a beginning and end it has none.

Drosinis had his love adventures with young women. When he was still fifteen years old, he suffered for the first time from unrequited love. In Germany he had other adventures, the first with an exceptional girl who lived in the house across the street but to whom he did not pay attention as he ought, because her face was not beautiful. The poet repented however. Years later he wrote an inspired, beautiful fairytale "The Ugly Girl" (*Stories of the Country and the City*, pp. 156-164), whose story is summarized in the following:

A very ugly girl is born. Her Fate told her mother, however, that her daughter would become beautiful when someone would fall in love with her. Well, the girl grows up without

the grace of beauty but she is adorned with ability and goodness. Finally she becomes the companion and guide of a prince who was blinded by a witch. The ugly girl gathers the flower dew which gives the prince back his sight. It is then the love of the prince that gifts her with a divine beauty which dazzles him as soon as he opens his cured eyes.

And the poet asks, "Why shouldn't I have been the blind prince of the story?" (*Memoirs* 1.36 1.361).

In the Saxon town of Grimme he made the acquaintance of a clever Jewish girl, Minna Rosenfeld, niece of the innkeeper, who was eventually revealed to be a helper in the kitchen in the "Hotel Russia" in Leipzig; you can imagine his embarrassment when young Drosinis, resplendent in gold-framed glasses, top hat, redingote, striped pants, gloves, shoes with buttons, with a thin, silver-handled cane, went to visit her, in that same hotel, thinking her to be a rich girl and an aristocrat.

But in an exceptionally poetic way the poet met in the summer of 1887 in Harz (Germany) the American painter Miss Marie-Adele Thomas (who afterwards married and so became Mrs. Thomas-Boyd of Caldwell, New York, and died on February 23, 1934). Forty-six years after their first meeting Adele wrote to Drosinis in 1933; she was then a widow. Out of her secret deep love for Drosinis, whom she thought she had lost because of her behavior, Marie-Adele wrote poems, one dedicated to the "Amaryllis" of Drosinis. Nine poems of hers were posthumously published by her niece Ruth Elder (1936), but in a thin issue, a copy of which I was unable to secure. Drosinis translated some of these poems.

On his adventures with Amaryllis and Morfoula below.

Drosinis married Mary Kasavetis from Pilio, who died in Lausanne on December 12, 1942. She was a beautiful woman, tall, plump, with the figure of an Amazon. The couple used to go together horseback riding and target shooting. She devoted herself to educating their children, a son now living in Paris and two daughters, Mrs. Cortini of Rome and Mrs. de Planta of Lausanne.

At the peak of his career the poet's picture was one of fiery eyes, thick hair and beard, a mobile mouth; he was polite, sociable, good-hearted (S. Melas, *Akropolis*, Jan. 4, 1951). When he became old, he certainly changed. A young visitor of his describes him as a microscopic little man like a Chinese puppet with two all-clever eyes and a small, tight mouth that now laughed and then sneered at the vanity of worldly things (A. G. Pop, *Vima*, Jan. 4, 1951).

Drosinis was one of those practical minds, a positive spirit, with fertile activity that filled a whole era; the tireless hiker, hunter, and fisherman preserved his spirit intact and his astonishing memory; with passionate longing for the joy of life he preserved a smile on his lips and the innocence of a child.

Full of years, he celebrated his 90th birthday on December 22, 1950; he died just after midnight of the night of January 2 to 3, 1951.

A Chronological Record of Drosinis

1878 he published his first verses "God's Mistake".

1879 his first poem in the satiric newspaper "Rambagas".

1879 (June 16-Sept. 16) he published a weekly (Saturday) satiric paper "Kalispera Sas" (Good Evening to You), nos. 1-14 (there also poems of Drosinis under the pseudonym **Spinós** 'Finch').

1882-85 he studied in the beginning law, afterwards classics at the University of Athens.

1885-88 he lived in Germany, Dresden, Berlin, and mainly Leipzig for studies; he spent, however,



DROSINIS AS A YOUNG MAN

most of his time writing. He neither did systematic studying nor did he receive a diploma. He writes in 1940 (*Memoirs* 1.357), "Thus I have then stayed and am even now a student of the University of Leipzig, and this is my only official title along with that of member of the Academy of Athens!"

1889-1894 he edited (at the beginning, 1889-90, with N. Politis) the literary periodical **Estia**; Jan.-July 1895 G. Xenopoulos followed as editor.

1894, 1896 he edited (with G. Kasdonis) **Nea Ellas**, Illustrated National Almanac.

1894-98 he edited the newspaper **Estia** (changing the aforementioned magazine, March 6, 1894 into a newspaper; S. Dasios and Adonis Kyrou con-

tinued the newspaper (1898-1900), the latter alone (1900-1918).

1898-1903 he founded and edited for six years the educational bi-weekly periodical **Ethniki Agoyi** (National Education).

1899-1951 secretary-general, councilor and editor of publications, working first with D. Vikelas and after the latter's death (1908) by himself in the "Association for the Dissemination of Useful Books", of which there have been published about 180 small works, each in 10,000 copies.

1907-1912 he founded and edited the monthly periodical **Meleti** (in the same Association; 6 vols.)

1908 he was appointed Inspector General of Elementary Education. He became a member of the Educational Group (Ekpaideftikos Omilos), which was founded in 1910 and later brought up the language educational reform (in 1917).

1909-14 he became chief of the section on Higher Education in the Ministry of Education.

1914-24 he was director for Letters and Arts in the Ministry of Education.

1924-26 he undertook the organization and direction of a Museum of Decorative Arts.

He was the main creator of the "Home of the Blind", of the "Sivitanidis Vocational School", and of several athletic groups.

1915 he was honored with the "Prize for Letters"; he himself had introduced this annual prize at the Ministry of Education in 1914.

1922-36 he founded and edited the annual "Imeroloyion (Almanac) of Great Greece", a sort of national yearbook with literary contributions, art reproductions, and articles on scientific matters, language, folklore, letters and arts; 15 volumes.

1926 he was appointed as one of the first members of the Academy of Athens, which was organized as a body by Drosinis along with the then Minister of Education Demetrios Aiginitis.

His works, poetry, prose, essays, folklore collections, and popularizations along with at least three more to be published, amount to about forty-five volumes, but considerable other material of his is to be found scattered in periodicals and newspapers. (See below: Bibliography II: **Drosinis Works**).

Drosinis' Relations with Men of Letters: Vlachos, Roidis, Politis, Souris

His relations with literary men were fruitful. He considered as one of the dear favors of his life his meeting in 1881 with Angelos Vlachos, a man formal in acquaintances, cold, and sometimes repulsive, so that a very successful anonymous epigram circulated among men of letters:

The one least Angel but most Vlach.

Drosinis heeded Vlachos' advice about reading the classics and translating epigrams and Theocritus' idylls. Vlachos solicited a biographical article about Drosinis in the well known German encyclopedic lexicon Brockhaus when Drosinis was living as a student at Leipzig.

Vlachos' enemy, the aristocratic Immanuel Roidis, author of "Pope Joan", the book anathematized by the Holy Synod, held back the young writers from the downhill path of the then waning romanticism, with his sensational essays about Greek poetry and Greek literary criticism. His teachings, however, which told what authors ought not do — teaching which the young writers called "art's police" — constituted a negative influence.

Positive was the influence of the folklorist Nicholas Politis (see below). They held Saturday banquets of their circle (Palamas, Drosinis, Politis, Nicephoros Lytras, George VROUTOS, George ZEZOS, Phokianos).

With George Souris, Drosinis was connected by an unusual godfather relationship; Drosinis suggested the name **Romiös** for Souris' satiric newspaper for which the godfather dedicated a six line poem on its tenth anniversary (**Memoirs** 1.198).

2. POETRY

Drosinis' first published book was a comedy entitled "The Strange Marriage", a free translation and adaptation, 500 copies of which were snatched up within one month leaving him unexpected profit. With verses he first appeared in "Rambagas" on April 22, 1878, with "God's Mistake", a poem with lines translated from a poem of Paul de Coq and under the pseudonym **Arachni** ("Spider").

In 1880 there was printed Drosinis' first collection of poems entitled "Spider's Webs" (**Spider** being Drosinis' pseudonym), which opens with a poem of the French poet Francois Coppée. It was in "Rambagas" that his "The Sinful Woman", one of Drosinis' first playful verses, had been first published and, set to music by D. Rodios, it became a song of the people.

Η ΑΜΑΡΤΩΛΗ

Παπᾶ, ἂν ἔρθῃ μὲ μελαχροινὴ
νὰ τὴν ξεμολογήσῃς,
κοντούλα, ἀφράτῃ, μὲ γλυκεῖα φωνή,
πρόσεξε μὴν τυχὸν καὶ τὴν ἀφήσῃς
νὰ μεταλάβῃ—ἡ ἁμαρτωλή.
δὲ νήστευε μὲ μέρᾳ τὸ φίλ.

THE SINFUL WOMAN

Father, if there should come a brunette
That you may hear her confession,
Rather short, fluffy, with a sweet voice,
Be careful that you don't by chance let her
Take communion — the sinful woman!
She didn't fast from kissing for even one day!

"The (Flowering) Almond-Tree", one of Drosinis' first-fruits, set to music by an anonymous composer, caught the fancy of the Greek nation and made of the poet a panhellenic figure. In Drosinis garden a charming second cousin of his, Drosina P. Drosinis, a pupil of Arsakeio (who still is alive), shook the flowering bitter-orange-tree and its blos-

soms fell upon her and covered her. The poem was immediately born in the poet who made the tree an almond-tree as being more poetic; he composed the poem. The poet himself considered it "very mediocre both for its common idea and for its artless verse, a poem which no one would know, if its music were wanting" (*Memoirs* 1.141). Though the composer of its music remains unknown, its melodic tune was very successful and so the "Almond-Tree" has been on the lips of all Greeks ever since. Along with the mobilization of 1885 the soldiers learned it. The poet, who was in Germany (1885-88), first heard it sung in the streets of Athens in the autumn of 1888, when he had returned. With demobilization the song spread with the returning soldiers to every corner throughout the whole of Greece. Even Gypsy *zurnà* (a kind of oboe) and drum have played it. (On the **Almond-Tree** see D. Margaritis, *Kathimerini* Jan. 23 and Feb. 22, 1948).

H AMYΓΔΑΛΙΑ

Ἐκούνησε τὴν ἀνθισμένη ἀμυγδαλιὰ
 μὲ τὰ χερῶνά της
 κ' ἐγέμισ' ἀπὸ τ' ἀνθὴ ἢ πλάτη, ἢ ἀγκαλιὰ
 καὶ τὰ μαλλιά της.

Ἄχ, χιονισμένη σὰν τὴν εἶδα τὴν τρελλή
 γλυκὰ τὴν φίλησα,
 τῆς τίναξα ὅλα τ' ἀνθὴ ἀπὸ τὴν κεφαλὴ
 κ' ἔτσι τῆς μίλησα:

—Τρελλή, νὰ φέρης στὰ μαλλιά σου τὴ χιονιά
 τί τόσο διάζεσαι;
 Μόνη της θὰ ῥθῃ ἡ ἄγρια βαρυχειμωνιά,
 δὲν τὸ στοχάζεσαι;

Τοῦ κάκου τότε θὰ θυμᾶσαι τὰ παλιὰ
 τὰ παιγνιδάκια σου,
 σκυφτὴ γριούλα μὲ κάτωσπρα μαλλιά
 καὶ τὰ γυαλάκια σου.

THE ALMOND TREE

She shook the flowering almond tree
 With her dear hands
 And her back, arms, and dear hair
 Were capped with flowers.

Ah, just when I saw the silly girls covered with snow,
 I kissed her sweetly,
 I shook all blossoms from her head
 And thus I spoke to her:

'Silly girl, to bring the snowy season to your hair
 Why do you hurry?

Of itself the fierce heavy winter will come,
 Don't you guess it?

'In vain then you will recall your past
 Little playings,

A little old woman bent down, with snow-white hair
 And with your tiny glasses!

The literary magazine "Estia" was inaccessible to young poets and yet in the issue of July 26, 1881, it carried Drosinis' "The River."

The Generation of 1880 and Drosinis

An important work of Nicholas Politis, "Modern Greek Mythology" (1879), gave the motive to writers to focus their attention on, and become sympathetic with, the life of the people, the farmer, the shepherd, the seaman, their customs and superstitions, their speech. Politis used at their Saturday get-together banquets to read and analyze for them not only Greek folksongs but also patriotic Serbian and erotic Bulgarian songs. Thus the poetry of the generation of 1880 came to be sheltered under the roof of folklore. Politis' guidance and enthusiasm brought about a return to the Greek nature, to the Greek people, and to Greek folklore. Politis freed Drosinis, Palamas, and others from the artificial *katharevousa* and from sickly romanticism, and turned them to something wholesome, positive, and to the real source of inspiration, that is, to the nature of Greece and to Greek life; he revealed to them the beauty of folksongs, folk traditions, proverbs, folk tales, legends, etc. Drosinis gathered folksongs (cf. *Rural Letters* 124-28, 164-70, and Bibliography) and other folklore material, studied closely the folksong, stored it in himself, and imitated it in the beginning, but transfused later into his own poetry what of it was fitting. Both Palamas and Drosinis stated their gratitude with poems to the master Politis, Drosinis with a sonnet on his death in 1920 (*Departed Swallows* p. 19).

From the generation of 1880 that undertook the fight against romanticism and the effort of returning to genuine Greek tradition, the folk tradition, it was the triad of poets, Nikos Kambas, Kostis Palamas, and George Drosinis who constitute a historic mark in modern Greek poetry. With their enlightening rebellion they forced modern Greek literature to turn toward genuinely Greek sources. They with some others formed the **New Athenian School** and opposed the romanticism of Achilles Paraschos and Vasiliadis. Palamas gave his own stamp to the generation of 1880, but it was rather Drosinis, the preeminently sensitive receiver, the most many-sided of the three, who remained faithful to the end of his long life to the original postulates of the generation, which were:

- 1) eshetically that poetry approach the fine reality of the individual and that the tone be lowered; in place of violent passions, shouts, and the poetry of the market and of the political balcony, the poet offers the light smile and a calm lyricism;
- 2) worthy use of themes from modern Greek history and modern Greek life, that is, the preaching of the folklorist Politis, which they espoused with understanding and faith (K. Dimaras, *Vima* Jan. 5, 1951—*Nea Estia* 50.1372).

It is not necessary to say how the narrow-minded and confused poetry looked upon this redeeming movement. About the three young poets, whom they nicknamed **Nikos**, **Koshtis**, and **Yorgakis** or "Spider", Paraschos had said: "... the boys; whoever would turn and see them dries up from laughter" (*Memoirs* 1.168).

It is against this situation that both Drosinis' *Idylls* (1884) and Palamas' *The Songs of My Father-*

land (1886), the results of Politis' preaching, have the linguistic and poetic value of an antidote.

In his *Idylls* Drosinis tries to rid himself of any foreign influence and especially that of the then famed Parnassian Poetic School; he seeks themes also beyond the centres of urban life in the free Greek life of the mountains and the sea (*Memoirs* 1.158).

The collection "Amaranths" (1890) contains a poem "Happiness" (p. 38), set to music by D. Kamilieris, a second "The Sacrilege" (pp. 90-95), one of the best, and another masterpiece of Drosinis, "Greek Earth" (written in Germany, 1885) (pp. 99-100), a poem full of enthusiasm, of burning longing for one's native land while living abroad; the verse interprets the grief and love for one's native land. It has the sweet fragrance of azure Greece of whose earth the poet sings with nostalgia and longing. It is considered the property of the Greeks living in foreign lands and becomes a song of all Greeks.

Here follow the original and my prose translation:

ΧΩΜΑ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟ

Τώρα πὺν θὰ φύγω καὶ θὰ πάω στὰ ξένα
καὶ θὰ ζοῦμε μὴνες, χρόνους χωρισμένοι,
ἄφησε νὰ πάρω καὶ κ' ἀπὸ σένα,
γαλανὴ πατρίδα, πολυαγαπημένη·
ἄφησε μαζί μου φυλαχτὸ νὰ πάρω
γιὰ τὴν κάθε λύπη, κάθε τι κακό,
φυλαχτὸ ἀπ' ἀρρώστια, φυλαχτὸ ἀπὸ Χάρο
μόνο λίγο χῶμα, χῶμα ἑλληνικό.

Χῶμα δροσιμένο μὲ νυχτιάς ἀγέρι,
χῶμα βαπτισμένο μὲ βροχὴ τοῦ Μῶη,
χῶμα μυρισμένο ἀπ' τὸ καλοκαίρι,
χῶμα εὐλογημένο, χῶμα ποὺ γεννάει
μόνον μὲ τῆς Πούλιας τὴν αὐράνια χάρη,
μόνο μὲ τοῦ ἥλιου τὰ θεριὰ φιλά,
τὸ μοσχάτο κλῆμα, τὸ ξανθὸ σιτάρι,
τὴ γλωρὴ τὴ δάφνη, τὴν μικρὴν ἐλιά.

Χῶμα τιμημένο, πῶχον ἀνασκάφει
γιὰ νὰ θεμελιώσουν ξανὰ Παρθενῶνα,
χῶμα δοξασιμένο, πῶχον ισοδοβάει
αἶμματα στὸ Σκύλι καὶ στὸ Μααραθῶνα·
χῶμα πῶχει θάψει λείψαν' ἀγασμένα
ἀπ' τὸ Μεσολόγγι κ' ἀπὸ τὰ Ψαρά,
χῶμα ποὺ θὰ φέρῃ στὸ μικρὸν ἐμένα
θάρος, περηφάνεια, δόξα καὶ χαρά.

Θενὰ σὲ κρεμάσω φυλαχτὸ στὰ στήθια,
κι ὅταν ἡ καρδιά μου φυλαχτὸ σὲ βάλλῃ
ἀπὸ σὲ θὰ παίρῃ δύναμη, βοήθεια,
μὴν τὴν ξεπλανέσουν ἄλλα, ξένα κάλλη.
Ἡ δική σου χάρη θὰ μὲ δυναμώῃ
κ' ὅπου κ' ἂν γυρίσω κ' ὅπου κ' ἂν σταθῶ
σὺ θενὰ μοῦ δίνῃς μὴ λαχτάρα μόνη,
πότε στὴν Ἑλλάδα πίσω θενὰ ῥθῶ.

Κι ἂν τὸ ριζικό μου—ἔρημο καὶ μαῦρο—
μοῦ ἔγραψε νὰ φύγω καὶ νὰ μὴ γυρίσω,
τὸ στερνὸ συχώρισι εἰς ξένα θὰ ἔδω,
τὸ στερνὸ φίλ' μου θενὰ σοῦ χάρισω.
Ἔτσι, κι ἂν σὲ ξένα χῶματα πεθάνω,
καὶ τὸ ξένο μνήμα θὰ ναι πὶὸ πὶὸ γλυκό,
σὰ θαφτῇς μαζί μου στὴν καρδιά μου ἅπανω,
χῶμα ἀγαπημένο, χῶμα ἑλληνικό.

GREEK EARTH

Now that I leave for a foreign land
And we will be parted for months, for years,
Let me take something also from thee,
Dearly beloved, azure native land;
Let me carry an amulet with me,
To ward off grief, to ward off evil,
A charm to ward off sickness, death,
Only a handful of earth, Greek earth!

Earth cooled by nocturnal breeze,
Earth baptized by the rains of May,
Earth perfumed by the summer season,
Blessed earth, earth bearing fruit—
The muscat vine, the yellow grain,
The green laurel, bitter olive —
Through the heavenly grace of the Pleiades alone,
Through the warm kisses of the sun.

Honored earth they once dug
To lay the groundwork of the Parthenon!
Glorified earth imbued with red
By blood in Souli and in Marathon;
Earth that has buried remains sacred
From Mesolongi and from Psara,
Earth, that to me, even so small as I am, will bring
Courage, pride, glory, and joy.

I will hang thee 'an amulet on my breast
And when my heart shall wear thee as a charm,
It is from thee that it will draw strength and help
Lest other, strangers' charms seduce it.
Thy loveliness will give me strength
And, wherever I am, wherever I stand,
Thou wilt give me yearning alone —
One day to return to Greece.

And if my fate — dismal and unfortunate —
Dooms me to leave and never to return,
I will find in thee my last forgiveness,
I shall present thee with my final kiss.
Thus, even if I die on foreign earth,
Even the foreign grave will be sweeter,
Since thou wilt be buried with me laid on my heart,
Beloved earth, Greek earth!

In the collection "Calm" (1902) there are several outstanding poems, e. g. a fourteen-line true picture from life "Vespers" (pp. 27-28), and the "Hymn to the Mountain (Pilio)" (pp. 67-68). The poet used to see the beautiful Thessalian Pilio with its twenty-four villages from Gouves in Northern Euboea; indeed he many times saw the sun set behind the Thessalian mountains. Here in Pilio Drosinis later had a pleasant country home half-hidden in the trees. The last poem "Calm" (p. 108), which gave its name to the whole collection, follows:

ΓΑΛΗΝΗ

Μὴν τὴν ζητᾷς τὴν Εὐτυχία
στὴν τρέλλα καὶ στὴν παραζάλη.
Στὴν ἰσγαλιά, στὴν ἡσυχία,
ἐκεῖ θὰ βοῇς τὴν Εὐτυχία
πάνανγνι, ἀμόλυντη, μεγάλη.

Ἡ θάλασσα ἡ γαληνεμένη
τὴν Εὐτυχία ζωγραφίζει:
ἡμερὴ, ἀσάλευτη ἀπομένει,
κι ἀμίλητη, γαληνεμένη,
ὁ ἥλιος τὴ χρυσοφωτίζει.

For about eight years (1903-11) Drosinis, absorbed by the work at the Association for the Dissemination of Useful Books, did not write (See Drosinis' letter of Feb. 10, 1945, in *Nea Estia* 50.1394a).

Among the most perfect of his poetic collections are **Luminous Darknesses** (1913), **Closed Eyelids** (1917), and **Evening Will Be Falling** (1922), all of them works of the poet's maturity (between 50 and 60). Therein we have the peak of his lyricism. Many of the poems are colored with a genuine mystic religious mood.

The "Luminous Darknesses" was the object of a favorable critique of Palamas (**Noumas** 4, 18, and 25 of April 1915—**Nea Estia** 50.1342-9). As Palamas says, the poet takes themes from the outside world to confide to us his inner self, and he lets us imagine more than he tells us. This collection contains poems drawn from the psychic and ideological world of the poet.

A twelve-line poem beginning "Deep in the night, at midnight", expressing a genuine religious emotion, is according to K. Paraschos (**Nea Estia** 50.1375) the best poem of Drosinis.

The important collection "Closed Eyelids" (1917) contains a short poem called "The Two", a real jewel. There should also be mentioned a tetralogy **Sowing, Reaping, Threshing, Bread**. The beginning of the "Greetings to the Sea" (**Closed Eyelids**² p. 30) follows:

ΧΑΙΡΕΤΙΣΜΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑΣ

Ἄπ' τις μεγάλες τις ἀγάπες μου εἶς, ἐσύ,
τῆς θάλασσης ἀγάπη.
Κι ὄχι γλυκεῖα καὶ γελαστή κι ἀτάρακτη,
σὰν ἄλλες.
Ξέχωρη ἀπ' ὅλες.
Καὶ στίς χαρές
καὶ στοὺς καημοὺς
καὶ στίς λαχτάρες
καὶ στὸ ξελόγιασμα
καὶ στὸ μεθύσι τοῦ κινδύνου
καὶ στοῦ χαμοῦ τὴν καταφρόνηση—
Ξέχωρη ἀπ' ὅλες εἶς' ἐσύ
καὶ πρώτη.

Μὲ τὰ κουτιά ἀργολάμινοντας,
πόσες φορές,
στῆς βάρκας μου τὸ ἀκρόπλωρο σφικμένους
ὦ γαλανόθωρη,
καθρέφτισα τὴν ὄψη μου
στὴν ἀγκαλιά σου τὴ γαληνεμένη.

In the collection named "Fiery Sword" is included the "Two-Headed Eagle" (pp. 14-16). The two-headed eagle, symbol of the Greek empire of Byzantium, was never forgotten by the enslaved nation but lived with its traditions in the soul of the people and it was this spirit which inspired the struggle for liberation begun in 1821.

Ο ΔΙΚΕΦΑΛΟΣ

Στὴν πόρτα τῆς Ἁγίας Σοφίας, πού σφάλισεν
ἐνὸς ἀγγέλου χέρι,
διπλοσφαγμένος ἔπεσ' ὁ Δικέφαλος
ἀπ' τ' ἀπιστο μαχαίρι.

Στὴν πόρτα τῆς Ἁγίας Σοφίας, σπαράζοντας,
μὲ ματωμένα στήθη,
τίς δυν' φτεροῦγες ἄπλωσ' ὁ Δικέφαλος
καὶ πάλι ὀρθὸς ἐστήθη.

Καὶ στοίχειωσε καὶ θέριψε καὶ πλήθυνεν
ὁ νεκραναστημένος
κι' ἔγιν' ὁ ἕνας μύριοι Ἀἰτοὶ Δικέφαλοι
στὸ δουλωμένο Γένος.

Καὶ πέταξε στὰ πέρατα καὶ φάλλιασεν,
ὅπου σκεπὴ τὸν κρύβει:
Σὲ μοναστήρι, σ' ἐκκλησιὰ, αἱ σ' ἄρχοντα
καὶ σὲ φτωχοῦ καλύβι.

Στὴν πλάκα τοῦ μοναστηριοῦ τὸν σκόλισε
καλόγερος τεχνίτης,
ἢ καλομάννα φυλαχτὸ τὸν φόρεσε
στ' ἀνήμερο παιδί της.

Στὸν ἀργαλειό της καθιστὴ μερόνυχτα
τὸν ὕφαν, ἢ βοσκοῦλα,
περήφανος ὁ ἄρχοντας τὸν ἔδεσε
στὸ δαχτυλίδι βούλα.

Κρεμάστηκε ἀπ' τὰ νύχια του τ' ἀκοίμητο
τῆς Παναγιᾶς καντήλι
κι' ἄγιασε στοῦ Χριστοῦ τὸ Τετραβάγγελο
γραμμένος μὲ κοντάλι.—

Τέσσερα μαῦρ, ἀτέλειωτα ἑκατόχρονα
βουβός κα' ἀποκουρμένους
κλωσσοῦσε τὴν ἐκδίκηση ὁ Δικέφαλος
στὸ δουλωμένο Γένος.

Ξάφνω μιὰ μέρα βρόντησ' ὁ ἀντίλαλος:

Ἦς τότε, παλληκάρια.

καὶ μύριοι Ἀἰτοὶ Δικέφαλοι φτεροῦγισαν
ἀπὸ σπαθίων θηρία.

In the same volume we have one of Drosinis' masterpieces, written probably at the time of the Greek rush to arms in the Balkan War in 1912 (pp. 57-58): "The Hymn to the Forefathers", a hymn to the ancestors, the ancient Greeks, who laid the foundation of the greatest civilization ever known. I was fortunate in having my friend, the American poet Mr. Hayden Carruth, lately editor of the University of Chicago Press and now of the Intercultural Publications, New York, recreate the hymn in English and in securing his consent to its being reproduced here. Mr. Carruth, working from a phonetic transcription and a literal translation of the poem prepared by me, succeeded in preserving also the formal and metrical significance of the original. Here it is:

ΥΜΝΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΠΡΟΓΟΝΩΝ

Ἑσεῖς πού πρωτοσπεύρατε
τῆς λευτεριάς τὸ σπόρο,
λαχταρισμένο δῶρο
στὴ σκλαβωμένη γῇ,
ἔσεῖς, κα' ὅταν ὠρίμασαν
τὰ στάχυα καρποφόρα,
τοῦ θερισμοῦ τὴν ὥρα
μας γήγατε ὁδηγοί.

Σὰν ἥσκιοι μεγαλόκορμοι
κι ἀπείραχτοι ἀπ' τὰ χρόνια,
ιέρωνε ἐμας τὰ γγόνια
στὸ δρόμο τῆς τιμῆς.
Κι ὅπου πολέμου κράξιμο
κι ὅπου τῆς μάχης κρότοι
ἔσεῖς περνᾶτε πρώτοι
κι ἀκολουθοῦμ' ἐμεῖς.

Στὴ μνήμη σας ἀνάβοιμε
 χοροὶ ἀθανάτων·
 γιὰ σᾶς τὰ νικητήρια
 τὰ χεῖλη μας ὑμνοῦν,
 Καί, πλέκοντας τὰ χέρια μας
 τῆς δόξας τὰ στεφάνια
 δική σας περὶ φάνεια
 στοὺς τάφους σας κρεμνοῦν.

HYMN TO THE FOREFATHERS

You, forefathers, who first cast wide
 The seed of freedom-treasure
 Desired beyond all pleasure—
 Upon our captive land,
 You also, when the ripened ears
 Burst with their precious burden,
 Guided us to the garden
 Where freedom's harvests stand.

Like figures shadowy and large
 That years cannot diminish,
 You beckon us, then vanish
 Where glory dims the view;
 And where the cry of war is heard,
 The battle's endless fury,
 You enter first and carry
 Us children after you.

And in your memory we light
 The censers, golden, swinging.
 Our lips do homage, singing
 The victory-song. Now down
 Our valleys we walk, weaving wreaths
 And soon your graves shall wear them;
 Now shall you lightly bear them,
 Symbols of your renown.

Rendered by Hayden Carruth

The collection "Evening Will Be Falling" contains short, descriptive, eulogizing poems in which man, animals, the world, rivers and fountains, trees and bushes, spring, May nights all parade; the poems constitute an idyllic long story of an ideal love that develops from moment to moment within the picturesque frame of a Greek village. They are the finest and most personal expression of the poet's love for nature. (A. Karandonis, *Nea Estia* 50.1361b and 1364a). The collection is, according to the French professor E. Clement, critic and translator of Palamas, "the most beautiful flower among Drosinis' works. Though the general expression is one, each poem reveals an individual character of its own and the reader is captivated by the continuous unfolding of the pictures of one poem after another" (See H. Fletcher Lee, *Elliniki Dimiouryia* Jan. 15, 1951, p. 108a).

"The Dirge for the Beautiful One" is a long (221 fifteen-syllable lines) poem composed when the poet learned of the death of Morfoula Kollias (February 12, 1920), of whom the poet had sung in his *Rural Letters* in 1882 (see *Rural Letters* pp. 64, 71-76, 125-127, 135-140, 168-170, 174, and a 12-line fifteen-syllable poem of Drosinis about Morfoula's dancing on p. 73; cf. *Memoirs* 1.95f.). "The Dirge for the Beautiful One" is Greek in essence and character: it speaks of the death of the most beautiful girl in Euboea, of the beauties of the island, the life of the villagers, who are pictured in a lifelike manner. No one could ever render "The Dirge for the Beautiful One" as Drosinis did. The poet himself preferred to all his works this one as his best poetry, and it indeed is a masterpiece.

The collection "Departed Swallows" (1936) consists of poems parallel to his previous poetic productions, but sometimes in a mysterious style, inspired by idols of Drosinis' last years. I may mention "The Running Water" (p. 43).

"The Large Candles" (*I Lambades*) is an excellent collection of 66 sonnets written in 1925 and printed in 1926 that circulated in 1948, mourning the loss of a beautiful maiden, Fotini Typaldos, whose grace and mind the poet had very closely known and deeply appreciated. D. Margaritis (*Nea Estia* 46. 12396) considers this collection superior to the "Dirge for the Beautiful One".

The verse in "Said She" (1912-1932) was fashioned by the poet guided by a familiar voice, that is, pieces of rhythmical prose in a foreign language written by Mrs. Anastasios Typaldos (mother of the above mentioned Fotini, née Evlanmbios, a beautiful woman with an excellent education and a poetic soul (see "Said She", preface, and D. Margaritis, (*Nea Estia* 46. 12396).

ΠΟΙΟΣ ΛΕΕΙ ΠΩΣ ΓΕΡΑΣΕ;

Εἶπε:

Ποιὸς λέει πὼς γέρασε;

Ὅχι, δὲ γέρασε, ὅσο
 δυὸ μάτια τὸν κοιτάζουν.

Ὅχι, δὲ γέρασε, ὅσο
 γι' αὐτὸν χτυπᾷ ἓνα στήθος
 καὶ τρέμει μιὰ φωνή.

Γερνᾷ ποτὲ τοῦ ὁ κάμπος,
 πὺν τὸν θερμαίνει ὁ ἥλιος;
 Γερνᾷ ποτὲ τὸ δάσος
 πὺν τὰ πουλιά φαλιάζουν;
 Γερνᾷ ποτὲ κ' ἡ θάλασσα
 πὺν δείχνει στὰ νερά της
 τὸν ξάστερο οὐρανό;

and another:

ΤΙ ΕΧΕΙΣ ΝΑ ΔΩΣΗΣ;

Εἶπε:

Τὶ ἔχεις νὰ δώσης;

—Ἄνθρωπος.

—Δός, δός τα γρήγορα.
 Μὰ πρὶν τα δώσης ἄφησε
 νὰ πέσουν λίγα κάτω
 στὰ πόδια σου μπροστά.
 Τὶ ἔχεις νὰ δώσης;
 — Δάκρυα.

—Γιὰ συλλογίσου πρώτα.
 Κοράτῃς ἐσὺ τὰ πότερα
 καὶ δώσε λίγα μόνο.

Τὶ ἔχεις νὰ δώσης,

—Νίαιτα.

—Νιᾶτα; ὅλα, ὅλα δός τα.
 Νιᾶτα.. ὅσα καὶ νὰ δώσης
 πῶς εἶναι λιγοστά.

In both "Said She" and "Fiery Sword" Drosinis echoes slightly the poetic creation of Kostis Palamas (so S. Skipis, *Nea Estia* 50.1334a); in other works he repeats Palamas' example in "Hundred Voices of the Lyre" but with less grandiloquence (Kambanis, *History* 251).

(To be continued)

3. Prose. 4. Language. 5. Drosinis' Literary Art. 6. Bibliography

MORE ABOUT GEORGE DROSINIS

It is impossible to give you in a few sentences a real appreciation of the poetical work of George Drosinis but I can write about the Poet as I knew him, an octogenarian, respected by all, leading now a life of retirement at Kephissia near Athens. During his long and dignified life, fertile in literary and social work, he has never sought renown or fame, but all the same his verses are known to all in Greece. The children learn them at school, the young read or sing them, the old and the learned will always admire his wonderful descriptions of nature and country life, while foreign critics who praise the charm and simplicity of his pictures call him a modern Theocritus.

His verses are written in the language of the people, but he knows how to avoid local idioms or forms of dialects unintelligible to most people, while his poems abound in new forms of speech that add charm to his verses. The harmonious rhythm of his poems and the perfection of his sonnets, in which he has rebound a classical form and purity of language, make a national poet of Drosinis. And in saying this I feel that I am expressing the opinion of the right thinking people with knowledge of letters, who have followed the literary movement and language of modern Greece.

Drosinis' poems can be divided into three main sources of inspiration:

Those referring to ancient Greek myths and history, the muses and Gods of Hellas including patriotic odes. — Those of religious inspiration relating also to the traditions and family rites of the country. — And those which describe the feelings of life, love and remembrance of the past, in a beautifully pointed background of the mountains, the sea, the sunsets the flora of his native country.

When reading Drosinis you feel that he belongs to the country where the ode and the classical drama were born. His style is Doric and his writings are clear and full of light, like the sky of Attica.

It drags you beyond and far away from every daylife towards higher horizons. There is only one aim, a higher ideal. It is difficult to give a true definition of his mind but the prevailing element is the philosophical meaning. This appears in all his appreciation of people and events and is the essence of his thought lifting the reader above the sorrows of every day life and bringing a feeling of solace.

I will try to translate only one verse:

**From the tomb to resurrection
And from the earth to heaven.**

Drosinis has written not only poems. His literary work is varied: novels, short stories, even fairy tales for children. They have been translated in thirteen languages. His novel *Amaryllis* was translated in Swedish long ago and there is not one word that would displease the most puritan critic. G. Drosinis has devoted the best part of his life to educational matters. As a director at the Ministry of Education he had done a great

deal for School Hygiene, Physical training and shooting practice; and as secretary and organizer of the Society of Useful and Educational Books, which has published about 200 titles of the technical School for boys and the Asylum for the Blind, he has greatly contributed to the progress of his country in educational and social work. He was one of the founders of the Academy of Athens.

—Edla Nazos

* *

As a child I sang Drosinis' songs. As a youth, I admired him. As an adult I recognized his great poetical value. And now that I am an old man, I envy him. I envy him because with his positive imagination, he not only had the opportunity to create so many beautiful and useful and gentle things during ninety years of an active and radiating personality, but also because, with his genius for organization and methodical inspiration he created the happy circumstances which on the surface appear as natural gifts only.

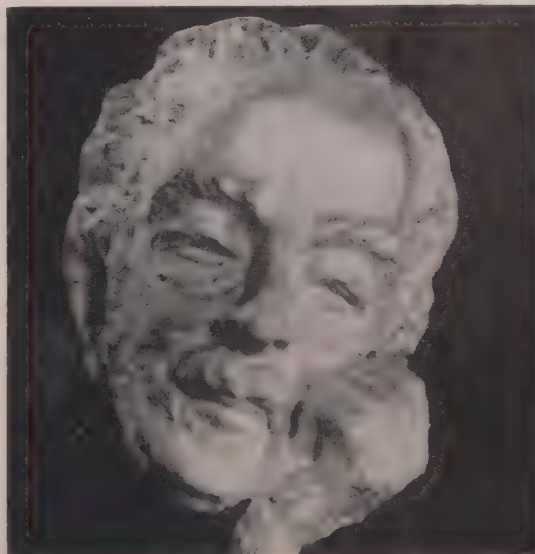
. . . I see him like a solitary marble Ionic column which remains amid the ruins of a beautiful ancient temple . . . soft . . . the well drawn fluted simple lines playing with the varying winds as if, invisible fingers caress harmoniously the strings of a marble guitar.

—Georgios D. Koromilas

* *

THE ACADEMY CITATION

Seven years ago the Academy of Athens issued a document congratulating George Drosinis on his 85th birthday. The citation recited the services of the poet to the Academy, and told of his assuming the chairmanship on publications, with the subsequent benefits that accrued to Greek letters in general because of his diligence and creative ideas.



A PLASTER HEAD OF DROSINIS SENT TO ATHENE BY
HIS ARTIST DAUGHTER ANGELINE CORTINI

THE GOD-FATHER

By GEORGE DROSINIS

(Translated by DEMETRA VAKA)*

I.

The christening of the child was to take place in the evening because the priest not only had to come from a neighboring village, but was busy harvesting his corn, and had no other time at his disposal.

From the little church we came down to the house of the child's parents, where a simple meal of cereals and vegetables awaited us. We were eight in all, the priest, the god-father, the child's parents, some relatives and I, a self-invited guest, anxious to witness a village christening.

The god-father, a fat peasant from a neighboring village, was quite well along in years, but still seemed youthful with his red cheeks and was most loquacious. He was one of the most respected landowners of the village and of the whole district, and as a mark of honor had been chosen selectman for many consecutive years. He sat by me at the round tavla, which served as table, and charmed me with his lively conversation, and his shrewd, unaffected remarks on many subjects.

"Has your honor been god-father to many children?" he suddenly asked, wiping the wine from his moustache with the back of his hand.

"No, not once," I answered.

"Let me make a wish, then. May God help you to christen many, and may they all live to grow up and be prosperous,—but let them be either all boys, or all girls."

"Why that last?" I asked with some surprise.

"So that you may not bring misery into the world without your knowledge."

"But I don't understand. What difference will it make if they are of both sexes?"

"Ah! you may well ask me that."

I could not understand what he meant to imply.

"Am asking you," I said.

"This is not the moment to tell you. We came here to talk of pleasant things — to have a good time," and to make good his words he began to sing the "Song of the Partridge" in his little old cracked voice. The host strummed an accompaniment on a fiddle-made lyre.

"A little partridge bathed and played,

in a cool, crystal stream,

But when I sang my song of love,

she never answered me."

It was late at night when the god-father and I left the little farmhouse. The priest had already gone.

"Now, Uncle Nasso, you will tell me, won't you, why one should christen only boys or only girls, and not mix them up?"

"I shall be glad to, if you must know; though it always upsets me to tell that story. But never mind. My mistake may save others. Let's go yonder to the threshing floor and sit under the large pine

tree. The clouds have stopped the wind tonight, and we sh'n't catch cold."

The threshing floor was dark and abandoned. Around us, among the dark corn-stacks, we could dimly see moving cattle, and in the silence of the night we could hear their tinkling bells even farther than we could see them. We sat on the ground and leaned against the thick trunk of the tree. The old man took the black monk's cap from his head and scratched his thick white hair. Then, in a low voice, he began to tell his story:

II.

"A league from here, in the village of Galatsona lives Stathis Koutsonikolos. He is admitted to be the thriftiest and richest man in Galatsona. In Kamaria he has as much land as two yoke of oxen can plough in a day. Also he owns two hundred head of goats, so you can see how well off he is. God has blessed his household as He has blessed his fields. His wife, the pretty Almond, gave him seven children, five boys and two girls. One of the girls I christened myself, and named her Taso, after my dear lamented sister. She was born in '60, and in '77 was like a peach tree in blossom. The Fates, who came three days after her birth, adorned her with all the graces of life. She was tall and slender, with eyes as black as the olives of Salona. Her eyebrows curved like scimitars, and her cheeks bloomed like full-colored pomegranates. The lads were mad over her, and the girls jealous. She was the first at every fair, and when I saw her, light and gay, leading every dance, I, swelled with pride, would take a silver necklace from my bag and throw it over her head crying, 'Health to you, my dashing Taso! May your god-father live long to enjoy the sight of you!'"

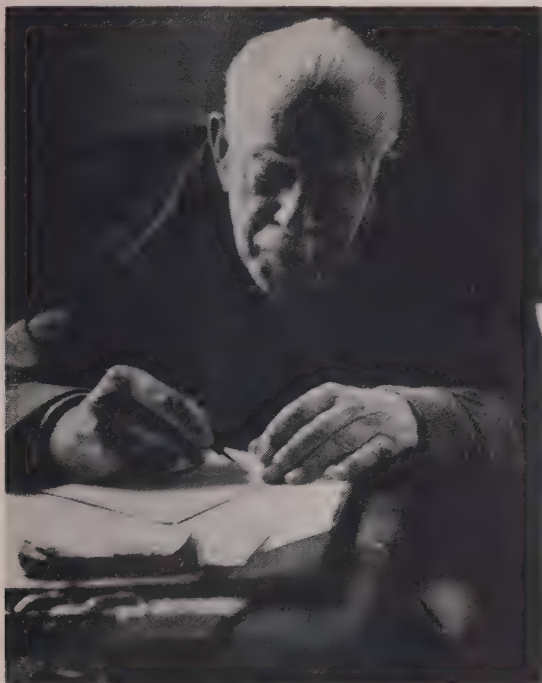
"That fall I left our village and was gone for a few months. First I went to Xerochory to attend to some contracts; then to Chalkis to be witness at a trial. While I was there everyone said to me, 'Now that you are here, Uncle Nasso, why don't you go as far as Athens to see the great world, in your old age?' So to Athens I went. What houses! What streets! I wandered about the place like a dog who has lost his master. Used to the mountains and to the mountain trails I could not help slipping on those smooth marble pavements. Those houses, higher even than our Mount Karababa in Chalkis, I thought might tumble on my bonnet any minute. My brain was spinning in its shell, so I says to myself: 'What business has the Fox in the market place?' So I packed and beat it for Chalkis. I reached there on the second day, and stayed for about a week with some people from my village, and after that took the road back home to Gerake. I got there in the evening, and the next morning who should come to see me but Stathis, my Taso's father, from Galatsona.

"'Welcome home!' says he.

* NOTE: Demetra Vaka's autobiography will continue in next issue.

"Well met!" says I.

"He asked me first how I got along in my travels, and from one thing to another we got to talking about his affairs. 'While you were away, my old Nasso,' says he, 'great things have happened



ANOTHER CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE POET

(Photo Papaioannou)

in my household.' His face was laughing. I could see he had some good news to tell.

"What is tickling you?" I asked.

"Well, Uncle Nasso, I have got your god-daughter engaged."

"That so? And to whom?"

"To a handsome lad from beyond the border."

"Good luck to them, and a happy wedding day! And where did you happen to find the bridegroom, if I may ask? Is he new in our village?"

"Yes. The Master brought him over as keeper for his olive orchards. From the first day Taso noticed him, and the boy was struck with her. I talked it over with the Master, who told me that he was a good boy, well-to-do, and from good people. At home had a quarrel with some one. He shot at him and wounded him, and had to leave Turkish soil and come over here. To make a long story short, the Master settled it all in a few days, and by Christmas the wedding will take place. They are a good match and love each other, Nasso. I'll send you the boy this evening to look over."

III.

"At sunset my door opened, and in came a strapping youth of about twentyfive, fine looking, and with a black moustache. He knelt before me, kissed my hand, then sat beside me and we started chatting.

"My boy, what village do you come from?"

"I come from Promyri."

"Indeed! I was there once. Let me see,

that was about twenty-five years ago. I went there to buy a mare. Is Manolis, the miller, still living?"

"Why, he was my uncle. He died six years ago."

"And his sister, Christo's widow?"

"She was my blessed mother."

"What! You are her son. You don't say so. Why, I christened a child of hers."

"So, we are relatives," says he joyously. "We'll be double relatives now."

"By boy," I said, "tell me your name."

"Yannios Zesis."

"Then you are my god-child. You were just seven days old, and dying. I happened to be there, and christened you. I never thought you would live to become such a strapping lad."

"The boy was delighted. Once more he took my hand and kissed it. 'It was good luck,' says he, 'for my Taso and me to have the same god-father. Now you must also be my best man.'

"For a spell I had forgotten that Taso was my god-daughter. That makes you brother and sister."

"Had a thunderbolt struck Yannios he could not have looked worse. He was pale as a wax taper. The blood seemed to have left his veins. 'Not marry Taso?' he cried. 'Is this the time to tell me that? I wouldn't be honest to drop her now.'

"And you'll be damned forever if you marry your sister."

"He began to cry, that big strapping giant of a boy—to cry like a baby. My heart was aching for him, but what could I do? Fate had written it so.

"Yannios got up and wiped his eyes. His face had changed, and he looked like a madman. 'Whatever I do, god-father, don't curse me,' he said, as he opened the door and went from my sight. I did not close my eyes all night long. I kept thinking of that look on Yannio's face, and of his last words. An evil foreboding was in my heart. Just before daybreak I heard the dog bark. Someone was coming. Then someone was knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" I asked, springing up from my mat.

"It's me, Yannios!" said a hoarse voice.

"What do you want here, at such an hour, my boy?"

"Open, god-father, open!"

"I unlocked the door and he came in. The dim light from the embers of the fire fell on him. What a look! I shall never forget it. His eyes bulged out as if he were a killed lamb.

"If I can't have her, then no one else shall have her, either, and I won't let her live in the village, jilted. He spoke as if talking to himself.

"What are you saying, my boy? Of whom are you speaking?" I cried, the shivers running up and down my spine.

"Of Taso. I have killed her!" He showed the rifle he was holding in his hand.

"I stood there like a piece of stone. My voice stuck in my throat. I could neither see nor hear. Then I dropped in a heap on the chest. As if in a dream I heard Yannios' last words to me:

"Good-bye to you, god-father. Never ask about me again. Some day a bullet will get me, too."

(Continued on Page 40)

Selections from

*The Lament for the Fair One*by **George Drosinis**

(Translated by GEORGE XANTHOPOULIDES)

(Somebody once asked Drosinis which of his poems he considered the best. "You have heard", he answered, "the story about the sculptor, Praxiteles. Once Phryne, the most beautiful woman of her time visited his studio, and the sculptor offered to give her a gift among the many statues in the shop. Phryne asked him which one he would have chosen as his best. The sculptor did not answer. He merely said 'Choose!' Phryne could not make up her mind. So one day when Praxiteles was away from work he sent someone to tell him that his shop was on fire. And Praxiteles immediately ran, calling to his friends to save his work "Love and the Satyr". Well, in my case I would say, save the "Lament of the Beautiful".')

ΤΟ ΜΟΙΡΟΛΟΙΟ ΤΗΣ ΟΜΟΡΦΗΣ

I.

Πικρὸ τὸ μήνυμα ἔλαβα, πὼς ἦσουν πεθαμένη
στὴν πολιτεία, τρανὴ κερά κι, ἀρχοντικὰ θαμμένη . . .

Κι' ὁ νοῦς μου μ' ἔφερε γοργὸ τῆς νύχτας καβαλάρη
κι' ἦρθα καὶ βρήκα κα' ἔσκαψα τὸ μνήμα ποῦ κοιμῶσουν
καὶ τὸ κορμί σου φόρτωσα στοῦ ἀλόγου μου τὴ σέλλα
καὶ νεκροκλέφτης τὸ φέρα στὸ πατρικὸ σου σπίτι.

Τὸ ξέντυσα τ' αἰαίριαστα τῆς πολιτείας τὰ ρούχα
τὸ ράντισα ροδόσταμα νὰ μὴ μυρίζῃ χῶμα,
τὸ πότισα τοῦ ἀμαράντου δροσιὰ νὰ ξαναβῶσῃ
καθὼς τὸ πρωτογνώρισα στῆς νιότης τοῦ τὰ χρόνια,
καὶ τὸ ντυσα τῆς λυγερῆς τὰ ρούχα ποῦ τοῦ πρέπουν
τὸ κεντηστὸ πουνκάμισο, τὸ πλουμιστὸ σιγγούνη
καὶ τὴν ποδιὰ τὴν κόκκινη καὶ τὸ πλατὺ ζουνάρι.

Ξαράχνιασα τὰ ὠραῖα μαλλιά μὲ τίς ριχτὲς πλεξοῦδες
καὶ τὰ σφιχτομαντίλωσα μὲ διάφανο μαντίλι
καὶ τὰ χρυσοστεφάνωσα μὲ τὰ φλουριά ἀλυσίδα.

Τοῦ στρώσα νεκροκρέβατο τῆς λυγαριᾶς τοὺς κλώνους
καὶ τ' ἄνθη τῆς ἀγραμπελῆς στερνὸ προσκεφαλᾶδι.

Καὶ στὸ κατώφλι κάθισα νὰ πῶ τὸ μοιρολόι.

II.

Τῆς πολιτείας ἀνήξερο παιδί, ξεπλανεμένο
μακριὰ ἀπ' τῆς ρούγες τῆς στενῆς μὲ τὰ θαρὰ τὰ πόσκια,
διαβάτη ἢ μοῖρα μ' ἔφερε στὴν πόρτα τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σου.
Τὸ σπίτι σου ἦταν φτωχικὸ κα' ἐγὼ τὸ εἶδα παλάτι

καὶ στὸ κατώφλι καθιστὴ βασίλοπούλα ἑσένα.
Στὰ γόνατα συνταξιοζῆς τοῦ κάμπου τὰ λουλούδια
κι' ἀμάραντα τὰ ξομπλιαζῆς στὸ γῦρο τῆς ποδιᾶς σου,
τῆς τέχνης σου ξεφάντωμα, τῆς προίκας σου καμάρι.
Τὰ μάτια σου δὲ σήκωσες νὰ ἰδῇς τὸ ποιὸς διαβαίνει,
τὰ χεῖλη μου δὲν ἀνοίξα γιὰ νὰ σὲ χαιρετήσω.

Στὸ ἴδιο κατώφλι τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σου λέω τὸ μοιρολόι.

I.

The bitter news had reached me that you lay dead
In town, — a worthy dame, magnificently buried. —

And so in thought I sped, a horseman in the night,
And came upon and opened the grave wherein you slept,
And then Your form I mounted upon my stallion's saddle:
The sepulchre's fair plunder brought to your father's house

And there 'twas I stripped of you the town's illsuited raiment,
With essence sweet of roses washed away the smell of earth,
And with fresh dews restored to you the loveliness of youth
As when I first did see you in the morning of my life.
And then I put upon you the clothes that did become you:
The richly "broidered gown, the downy crewelled bodice
Lastly the scarlet apron with the amply draped sash.

I wiped away the mould from off those lovely tresses
And gathered them together within a kerchief fine
And of your golden ornaments then made a diadem.

Then laid you on a bier of fragrant osier branches,
Your head for ever pillowed upon clematis flowers —

And, on that very doorstep, sat down to lament.

II.

An artless youth from town, wandering
Far from the narrow deeply shadowed lanes,
It chanced I passed the doorway of your home.

Your house was humble but it seemed a mansion,
And on the doorstep sitting you were a princess.

Upon your knees you wove the valley flowers,
With everlasting flowers you decked your dresses hem—
Fruit of your skill, the boast of all your dowry.

You did not raise your eyes to see whowandered by;
My lips I did not move to pass the time of day.

On that same doorstep of your home I now sing the lament.

III.

III.

Καὶ πάλι ξαναπέρασα καὶ πάλι σὲ ξανάδα!

Ψηλή, λιγνή, λαμπαδωτή, μὲ τὸ σταμνὶ στὸν ὄμο
μονάχη, πρωτοξύπνητη, γυρνοῦσες ἀπ' τὴ βρύση.

Ταρναριστὸ τὸ διάβα σου καὶ τὰ φλουριὰ βροντοῦσαν
καὶ τανυμένος ἔτριξε τοῦ πουκαμίσου ὁ γῦρος.

Καὶ τὸ σταμνὶ σου ἦταν βαρὺ κι' ἀνάλαφρα τὸ ἐκράτει
κυκλόγεργο τὸ χέρι σου σὰν τὸ λαιμὸ τῆς χήνας.
Κ' ἐσκυψες καὶ τ' ἀπόθεσες στὴν πόρτα τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σου.

Κ' ἐγὼ σὲ καλημέρισα καὶ σὺ δὲ μ' ἀποκρίθηκες.

Στὸ ἴδιο κατῶφλι τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ λέω τὸ μοιρολόϊ.

IV.

IV.

Καὶ πάλι ξαναπέρασα καὶ πάλι σὲ ξανάειδα

Βράδυ κι' ὁ φούρνος τοῦ σπιτιοῦ στὴν πόρτα σου
καὶ σὺ τὴ φλόγα του ἔθρεφες μὲ λιόφυλλα καὶ σκῖνα ^{ἀναμένους}
κι' ἡ φλόγα του ἀναλάμποντας σοῦ φώτιζε τὴν ὄψη.

Ρόδα ἀνθίζαν στὰ μάγουλα, γαρύφαλα στὰ χεῖλη
κι' ἀστραφταν ζαφειρόπετρες οἱ κόρες τῶν ματιῶν σου.

Κ' ἐγὼ σὲ καλησπέρισα καὶ μοῦ εἶπες «καλῶς ἦρθες»
καὶ μοῦ βάλες προσκέφαλο καὶ κάθισα ἀντικρὺ σου,
στοῦ φούρνου τὸ ἀντιπύρωμα, στῆς πόρτας τὸ κατῶφλι.

Στὸ ἴδιο τὸ κατῶφλι τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ λέω τὸ μοιρολόϊ.

VII.

VII.

Πέρασες—κι' ἀνθοστρώθηκε τὸ χῶμα νὰ πατήσης
καὶ τὰ δέντρα ἀναμέρισαν γιὰ νὰ σ' ἀνοίξουν δρόμο.

Γέλασες—κι, ἀποκρίθηκαν στὸ γέλιο σου οἱ θρυσοῦλες
καὶ τὰ τρεχοῦμενα νερά καὶ τοῦ γιालοῦ τὸ κῆμα.

Τραγοῦδησες—καὶ σώπασαν τ' ἀηδόνια νὰ σακούσουν
κι' ὁ ξέφτερας ξαφνιάστηκε σὰν τὶ πουλὶ λαλοῦσε.

Χόρευες—καὶ μαζώχτηκαν τριγύρω σου οἱ νεράιδες
καὶ τὸ μαντίλι σου ἔπιασαν νὰ φύρης τὸ χορὸ τους.

Τώρα ἄφωνη κι' ἀγέλαστη κι' ἀχόρευτη ἀπομένεις.

Κι' ἐγὼ στὴν πόρτα τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ λέω τὸ μοιρολόϊ

VIII.

VIII.

Σὰν τὶ κρασί σὲ μέθησε κι' ἔτσι βαθιὰ κοιμᾶσαι.

Μιλῶ, δὲν ἀποκρίνεις σὲ κράζω, δὲ σαλεύεις
τὰ χέρια σου σταυροδετὰ τῶγγίξω καὶ δὲ λυῶνται
τὰ βλέφαρα βαρύντοκα τ' ἀνοίγω καὶ σφαλίωνται
σηκώνω τὸ κεφάλι σου καὶ πέφτει πλιθισμένο.

Σὰν τὶ κρασί σὲ μέθησε καὶ πῶς νὰ σὲ ξυπνήσω;

Δὲν εἶναι ἀπὸ τ' ἀμπέλι σου κι' οὐδὲ ἀπὸ ξένο ἀμπέλι,
Μὰ εἶναι ἀπὸ Χάρου κλήματα καὶ Χάρου πατητήρι
καὶ πού τὸ πιῇ καὶ κοιμηθῇ ποτὲ δὲ θὰ ξυπνήσῃ.

Τόπιες κι' ἐσύ καὶ μέθησες κι' ἀξύπνητη κοιμᾶσαι . . .

Κ' ἐγὼ στὴν πόρτα τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ λέω τὸ μοιρολόϊ

Again I passed, and once again I saw you:

So tall and slender swaying with the pitcher on your shoulder,
Alone, the first to 'wake you were returning from the spring.

With stately step and golden ornaments a-tinkling
And rustling skirt you passed me by.

The pitcher's heavy weight was lightly held in poise
By an encircling arm like to a cygnet's neck.
You bent and laid your burden on the doorstep of your house.

And I did wish you a good day, and you made no reply.

Upon that doorstep of your home I now sing the lament.

And once again I wandered by, and once again I saw you:

'Twas dark, the blazing even by your door
With sun-flower leaves and gorse you fed,
The while your face was lighted up by upward leaping flames.

Roses did blow upon your cheeks, carnations on your lips
And your two eyes like sapphires flashed.
And then it was I greeted you and you said "welcome here"

And on the seat you offered me I sat down facing you

Upon the doorstep of the house, within the glow of flames.

On that same doorstep of your home I now lament for you.

You passed—and flowers grew up before your feet
And trees did sway aside to open way.

You laughed—and echoes answered from the springs,
The running waters and the wavelets of the sea.

You sang—the blackbird's note was held expectantly:
The vulture hovered poised to spy the singing bird.

You danced—and fairies trooped around you
To hold your kerchief, while you led their dance.

Now silent and grave and still you remain —
And on the doorstep of your home I sing you the lament.

What opiate wine did you taste that now you sleep so deep?
I speak and you make no reply; I call, you make no sign;
I touch the hands crossed on your breast and there is no response;
I touch your heavy eyelids—impassive they remain
And heavily your head reposes in my hands.

What wine now holds you in its fumes, and how shall I dispell
them?

It was not from your vineyard nor from some alien vine
But from the vines of Death himself and from his own wine press:
Whoever drinks of it shall sleep for all eternity.

You drank of it: beneath its spell you sleep never to waken—

And on the doorstep of your home I sing you the lament.

XII.

Ποῖος σὲ εἶδε, νεραϊδόκορμη, νὰ πλένης στὸ ποτάμι
καὶ δὲν τοῦ κόπηκε ἡ μιλιὰ. δὲ γάθηκε τὸ φῶς του;
Ξέζωστη καὶ ξετράχηλη καὶ ξεμαντιλωμένη,
μὲ τὸ κορμὶ κλωνόγεστο, μὲ τὰ μαλλιά λυμένα,
τοῦ ποταμοῦ ἀσπρολίθαρα τὰ πόδια σου ν', ἀστρφετουν
καὶ στὸ νερὸ ν' ἀφροκοποῦν τὰ χέρια, νεροπούλια!
Ποῖος σὲ εἶδε, νεραϊδόκορμη, νὰ πλένης στὸ ποτάμι,
μὲ τὶς ἀγρόαμπελες σκεπὴ, τὶς ροδοδάφνες φρόχτη,
καὶ δὲν τοῦ κόπηκε ἡ μιλιὰ, δὲ χάθηκε τὸ φῶς του;
'Εγὼ σὲ εἶδα καὶ σώπασα, νὰ μὴν κοπῇ ἡ μιλιὰ μου.
καὶ σφάλησα τὰ μάτια μου, νὰ μὴ χαθῇ τὸ φῶς μου.
Κι' οὐδὲ ποτὰ σου τὸ μαθεῖς κι' οὐδὲ ποτὰ σου τὸ εἶπα . .
Τώρα, πὺν δὲν τ' ἀκοῦς ἐσύ, τὸ λέω στὸ μοιρολόι.

XIII.

Καὶ σὲ θνυᾶμαι ἔναν καιρό, πού εἶχες βαρυαρρωστήσει
κι' ὅλοι στὸ θέρο πῆγαιναν κι' ἀπόμενες μονάχη
σὲ σπῖτι κατασφάλιστο, κατάχημα πεσιμένη,
καὶ σφύγγουνταν τὰ χεῖλη σου στεγνὰ καὶ διψασμένα
καὶ λαχταροῦσε ἡ ὄψη σου γιὰ μιὰ σταλιά δροσούλα.
Τὴν πόρτα σου κρυφάνοιγα κι' ἀνάλαφρα πατοῦσα
καὶ σ' ἀργοστάλαξα νερὸ μὲ τὸ σταμνὶ στὰ χεῖλη
καὶ μὲ ροδόξυλο ἐβρεχα τὴν πυρωμένη σου ὄψη
κι' εἰσίαζα τὸ προκέφαλο νὰ γείρης τὸ κεφάλι.
Καὶ σὺ σὲ βύθο θερμασιᾶς δὲν ἤξερες ποῖος ἦταν
καὶ θάρρενες τὰ χέρια μου τῆς μάννας σου ἦταν χέρια.
Κανεῖς ζωὴ δὲ σοῦ δινε καὶ ζωντανὴ σὲ κλαίγαν
Καὶ τὸ εἶπαν θάμα πού γιανες καλύτερα ἀπὸ πρῶτα.
Τώρα στὴν πόρτα τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ λέω τὸ μοιρολόι.

XIV.

Δὲν ἦσουν πρώτη ἀπ' τὶς καλὲς καὶ πὺν καλὴ ἀπ, τὶς
ἦσουν ἡ μιὰ, ἡ ἀταίριαστη κι' ἡ ἐξέχωρη ἀπ' τὶς ἄλλες.
Τριαντάφυλλο, πού εὐώδιασε στοῦ θάτου τὰ κλωνάρια,
γλυκόμελο, πού δέθηκε καρπὸς σὲ κυπαρίσσι,
περδίκι σ' ὄρνιθας κλωσιᾶ, λαφόπουλο σὲ στάνη,
ρῆγισσας κρυφογέννημα σὲ φτωχικὸ καλύβι.
Σ' ἔβλεπα καὶ δὲν πίστευα καὶ σὲ θαρροῦσα ψέμα
καὶ τῶν ματιῶν μου πλάνημα κι' ὄνειρεμα τοῦ νοῦ μου
κι' ἔλεγα: μάγια ἂν μοῦ καναν, νὰ μὴ λυθοῦν τὰ μάγια!
Τώρα τ' ὄρνιθι λάλησε καὶ λύθηκαν τὰ μάγια.
Καὶ σὺ κατῳφλι τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ λέω τὸ μοιρολόι.

XVII.

Τὶ σοῦ λειπνε καὶ κίνησες νὰ πᾶς ἀλλοῦ νὰ τὸ βρῇς,
στῆς πλάνας χώρας τὰ καλὰ, στῆς πολιτείας τὰ πλούτη,
μακριὰ ἀπ' τ' ὀλόχαρο χωριὸ καὶ χώρια ἀπ' τοὺς δικούς σου.
ἔξενους νὰ βλέπης γύρο σου καὶ ξένη νὰ λογιέσαι,
νὰ τρώς ἀγοραστὸ ψομί, ζεστὸ νερὸ νὰ πίνης,
κοί ν' ἀνασαίνης κορινχτὸ καὶ φλομαμένο ἀγέρα,
γιὰ νάχης τ' ὄνομα κεραῖς καὶ τὴν κατάντια σκλάβας;
'Εσύ, θυμάρι τοῦ δουνουῖ, σὲ γλάστρα πῶς ν' ἀνθίσης,
καὶ πῶς νὰ ζήσης σὲ κλουβί, τῆς ρεματιᾶς τρυγόνά, . .
Τὴν ὁμορφιά σου μάρανες, φαρμάκωσες τὴ νιότη
μὰ ἦρθε καὶ σὲ λευτέρωσε πονόψυχος ὁ Χάρος
κι' ἐγὼ σὲ ξαναγύρισα στὸ πατρικὸ σου σπῖτι
Καὶ στὸ κατῳφλι τοῦ σπιτιοῦ σοῦ εἶπα τὸ μοιρολόι.

XII.

Who ever saw you, sylph-like form, awashing at the stream,
And was not at a loss for words and dazzled by the sight?
With girdle loosed and open bosom and kerchief from your head
removed,
Your body bent, so like a sapling, your tresses all undone,
Your feet aglimmering on the white stones of the river bed,
The while your hands like water fowl did stir the waters' surface;
Who ever saw you, sylph-like form, awashing at the stream,
With clematis above your head, rhododendrons behind you,
And was not at a loss for words and was not dazzled by the sight?
I saw you and I did not speak, so's not to lose the power of
speech,
And then I closed my eyes, not to be dazzled by the sight;
And never did you hear of this, and never did I tell you it.
Now that you cannot hear it 'tis said in my lament.

XIII.

And I remember yet a time when you were stricken ill,
When all had gone a-harvesting and you remained alone
Within a closely shut-up house lying back upon the floor;
And when your lips with fever parched were suffering from thirst,
And when your dry and heated brow longed for a drop of water;
Your door I stealthily did ope, and lightly I did tread
And gently from the earthen jar it was I cooled your lips,
Rose vinegar it was I used to cool your heated brow
And smoothed your pillow many a time for you to rest your head.
You, in the fever's stupor, did not know who was with you
And took my ministering hands to be your mother's hands,
No one then thought that you would live: and living you were
mourned;
'Twas said that by a miracle you were to health restored.—
Now on the doorstep of your home I make lament for you.

XIV.

You were not best among the fair and fairest of the best,
You were the one, the matchless one, apart from all the rest.
A rose that blew and fragranze spread upon a wild shrub,
—An apple sweet that did become the fruit of cypress tree;
A partridge in a brood of hens, a doe within a byre
The secret offspring of a queen within a humble cottage.
Beholding you I doubted and thought you were a dream
A fancy of my eyes, an illusion of my brain.
And then I said: if spell was cast, let it never be broken:
But now the morning cock hatr crowed, the magic spell is broken.
And on the doorstep of your home I sing you my lament.

XVII.

What was it that was lacking that you set forth to seek
Within the land's alluring goods within the wealth of cities.
Far from the cheerful village and the folk you call your own,
To see no one but aliens and to be called a stranger,
Where bread is bought with money and the waters are not cool,
And where the air is poisonous and heavy with the dust,
But to be called a matron and to become a slave?
O, wild thyme of the mountain, how could you bloom in hothouse;
How live a caged life, turtle dove of the coomb?
Your beauty you have wilted and poisoned your youth,
But Death has come compassionate and liberated you,
And I have come and brought you back, e'en to your father's home—
And on the doorstep of that home have now lamented you.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN OF DROSINIS

By EDLA J. NAZOS

(Translated by D. MICHALAROS)

No biographical sketches can describe the life and sentiments of the poet as his own work. For instance in this one poem he describes his own life.

On youth's first awakening I started
I cleared my field, I sowed it, I reaped it,
And now, toward eve homeward bound am I.

My body is burdened by fatigue
My knees are sore and bent
Smitten by the elements sunburnt is my face
And the scythe has bled my hands.

Even so my head I hold high
Athwart the shining stars
And in my hands I carry
An armful of the golden grain.

And thus the poet stands revealed before us, his hands full of grain sheaths. The armful is big and here and there an ear of wheat would fall on the ground.

And right behind him in a wide expanse of the fields that have just been reaped, women and old men glean whatever ears of grain are left behind . . .

Thus we too in our role of gleaners gather the imperishable stalks that fall on the ground. With his arms bulging with this newly reaped golden grain the poet gazes at the stars and he gleans his ideals and fits them to his work:

From the tomb to resurrection
from the earth to high heaven.

And his verses roll smoothly in a harmonic rhythm and we discover the sentiments that have inspired them. He himself describes the first flutterings of the imagination suggested even in our childhood games:

The flight of that first kite
Oh how I remember the day
Something from inside me
Flew away into the clear sky.

The soul of the child
Seeing things all-extending
First saw the earth's narrow rim
First felt its wings all-spreading.

(From his collection "Closed Eyelids")

But his love for his mother transcends his childish years:

You used to put me to sleep
On your knees with nursery rhymes,
And when the song was done
I slept by your side.

There where you now sleep
I drag my knees wearily,
I drag my knees to sleep near you
The song of life is done too.

Soon the nursery songs become poems:

In my nursery plots
That used to put me to sleep
There is one
That ever comes back to me
To tease my sleep
And seems to sing thus:

In a marble palace
On a golden bed
A fair princess lies. —
She lies there asleep
In a dream's embrace . . .

The fantastic myths develop into narratives:

And lo- the door that has been shut
Slides open silently
And a white clad old woman
Sits by my bed.

That same dawn with sleepless eyes
Unknowingly I take pen in hand
and I begin to write . . .

While some of his poems retain the simplicity of nursery stories, others take the form of a ballad, become popular overnight and are being recited everywhere. As an example the "Iron-Hearted" starts thus:

Greetings Old Man and may we have your blessing . . .
Tell us, why is the land dark and people weep,
And all the doors are painted black?
Is it a plague that makes orphans of men
Or perhaps black war that decimates the home? . . .
(Amaranths)

* *

These first poems written half a century ago are still in vogue and in a way interpret our own sentiments today. The romantic period did not influence Drosinis who has been a faithful worker of the Greek rhythm and particularly of the Doric.

He was brought up on the island of Euboea where he became enamored of the Greek countryside:

I will take you
To my childhood days,
The fields, the meadows,
Where the grain grows and the fruit is ripened.

He knew the simple country folk and he was their friend:

These people are happy and simple
And mighty few the words they say
Here they live and here they die
Deep-rooted as their trees . . .

("It Will Get Dark", 1915-1922)

Oh, my happy, happy people
White-haired or sturdy youth
Child-bearing mothers, Cherub faces
Bamboo plants by the water's edge . . .

He sympathizes with the people in their tribulations:

And now comes the day of parting . . .
See yon door that stands a'ar...!
Three figures emerge from the lonely hut
The lamp projects their shadows.
Weep for the two who go away.
Weep for the woman who this night
Loses husband and son to foreign lands.

* *

Drosinis leaves to study abroad and he feels deeply that he will be separated from his Greek earth.

GRECIAN SOIL (*)

Now that I must journey far across the sea
Now that years may dwindle ere again we meet
Let me take on parting just one gift from thee
O beloved Country, O my Country sweet,
Just one gift made holy by the fragrant breath
Soothing me in sorrow, battle, pain and toil
Guarding me from sickness, guarding me from death
Just one tiny handful of thy Grecian soil.

Soil that has been freshened by the breeze of night
Soil that has been sweetened by the rain of May,
Soil that has been scented by the Summer bright
Soil forever blessed, soil that bears for aye!
Fertile from the beauty of the Pleiads born
Fertile from the kisses of the sunbeams gay
Fragrant vines at tendrilled, tall and yellow corn
Green and waving laurels, olives gaunt and gray.

Soil forever honoured from whose stones was built
The Parthenon, the fairest temple 'neath the sun;
Soil to Glory wedded, on whose breast was spilt
Blood from gallant Souli, blood from Marathon;
Soil that has enfolded from heroic slain
From bold Missolonghi, from Psara's dark slope;
Soil whose magic rouses in my flagging brain
Courage, pride and glory, energy and hope.

Talisman for ever on my breast 'twill stay
And my heart's protector ever it shall be,
And its might shall vanquish the seductions gay
Of the fair lands lying far beyond the sea.
For its charms shall bind me stronger day by day
And where'er I travel but one wish shall burn
In my heart forever, in my soul for Aye;
To return, O Hellas, once more to return.

And if it be fated — cruel fate and drear —
That thy strand my Country I should see no more,
On my chilling bosom I shall feel thee near,
I shall kiss thee dying, distant by thy shore.
Aye, if o'er the ocean I be laid to rest
Lo, a foreign graveyards bitterness 'twill foil
If I clasp in slumber to my frozen breast
Just one tiny handful of thy Grecian soil.

This poem together with his "Hymn to Our Ancestors, become national songs and are being recited in schools and gatherings all over where Greeks live.

In the second song his sentiments are so vivid, one gets the impression he lives with his ancestors and that he is in the act of addressing them:

You who have sown
Liberty's own seed,
etc., etc.

But suppose we have a look how he actually regards his Greek earth and the countryside. In fact he paints with the boldest colors as if he was a Corot or a Turner of poetry, and everything seems more beautiful and more idealized because of his masterful strokes. He himself says:

You are my great love
O Sea-
Beauty anew you bring
To my eyes . . .
You soothe life on land
With your hopes of salvation!
Love of the Sea
You are my first and last love!

Thus when he wants to express his sentiments about sensual love he goes to the sea:

I do not want love to be
Like a river that tardily flows
Along the coast of a beflowered land.
Love I want broad as the sea,
The wide, wide sea where
Nary a shore is in sight.

But he would not stop here. For him even the conches on the shore become alive and he collects them:

Some exotic conches
Strewn o'er the shore
Seem like sealed lips
Seem like eyes shut.

And at about midnight . . .

The sealed eyes now seem
To emit some mystic light
And the lips seem to lisp
A familiar voice.

In his inimitable poem "The Lament of the Beautiful" (See Page 36) beautiful poems fall like bits of amber from the string that tell of life in the fields, and from these poems one can single out idyllic pictures of the Greek country life.

This poem together with his volume "It Will Get Dark" have been compared to Theocritus' idylls.

Some of his best poems are those where the idea is expressed in abstract thoughts and which give rise to deeper emotions.

There are a number of such poems, as for instance, "The Acorn" and "What I See".

Drosinis' poems belong to the land where the Ode and the Ancient Drama were born. His love for the ancient world is so deep that when the

(*) NOTE: GRECIAN SOIL has been translated by Fletcher Lee.

archeologists unearthed a Kore on the Acropolis he greets her as if she were his long lost sister:

Since your emerging
From the 2000-year old tomb
Amid these hoary ruins
You do not seem a stranger.

That's why I opened my arms
And greeted you in your tomb
As if you were mine and I lost you,
And now I found you again.

How, where were we born together?
In what existence of yore
Where neither I was made of mortal flesh
And neither you were a marble hewn beauty?
In the chaos of memory
Nothing lives but this:
Somewhere we both felt
A common grief, a beautiful pain.

And this pain which stands
Still unhealed in my soul,
Still unhealed I knew
Today on your cold lips.

The religious sentiment is strong with our poet. His famous poem "Faith" has been a constant source of happiness and hope to many a grieving soul. But in his daily life he seeks serenity and silence:

Don't seek for happiness
In moods sportive and gay
In silence, in solitude
There you will find happiness
Pure, unsullied, great.

Sometimes again the ancient drama is closely woven with Christianity in a sentiment so powerful as evidenced in his poem "Holy Thursday". Other poems are dedicated to the history of Byzantium in a connecting link which binds them to modern times. Following the ugliness of war with its primitive human instincts it is refreshing to read of such a line:

"I know you. You are Beauty the eternal."

From such a higher plane Drosinis sees poetry in general.

However he was of a retiring nature, and did not seek publicity. But he was a pleasant conversationalist and he was gifted with a remarkable memory. His last volume of poetry entitled "Candles" is a collection of sonnets noted for their beautiful ideas and the rare sentiments of this gifted poet.

THE GODFATHER (Continued from Page 33)

"He told the truth. Nothing was heard of him for a year. Then word came that he had been killed in Makrynitsa."

VI.

The old peasant rose, covered his head with his black cap, and said: "You have learned what you wanted to know. Now, good-night to you."

I did not move from my place, neither did I return his salutation. In my mind I could see enacted on the earth's infinite stage the village tragedy which the old selectman had related to me while my eyes followed his white shadow fading gracefully into the darkness of the night.

Two Poems by George Drosinis

(Translated by H. FLETCHER-LEE)

Reprinted from the POETRY REVIEW, (London)

A dying consumptive girl asked that these verses be read to her, just before she passed away.

I.

What do you see as the twilight falls
Your gaze forever lost o'er the distant hills?

What do you see?
Is it the house across the road?
Is it the gently swaying tree?
Is it the slowly setting sun
That you behold?

Beyond the house across the road
Beyond the field and distant hills,
Beyond the glorious sun, the swaying tree
Something,—more distant yet
I see . . .

II.

IT WILL GET DARK

(From a collection entitled 1915-1922)

And as we slowly mend our way
Back to the village,
The length'ning shadows of the waning day
Will stretch across the newly threshed corn
Darkening the meadows.

And in the gathering twilight
The little peasant huts will peep
Through the broad branches of the pines
Startlingly white . . .

They from afar
Will hear the distant bleating of the sheep
The evening chime from the church tower
From glowing hearths, the smoke will rise,
Quite still
Whilst at the village fountain
The drowsy oxen drink their fill.

★

A DREAM

By GEORGE DROSINIS

Translated by G. XANTHOPOULIDES

I heard victorious the clarion call resound,
And then the peaceful pealing of the bell
And saw both victors and those 'pon whom defeat befell
Sheathing their swords, as they were in honour bound.

The umpire's sceptre in the Olympian throng
Enthroned, the Muse of History doth sway,
And joyfully each one awaits upon his way
The laurel crown that to him doth belong.

But in the multitude of laurelled brows
Of strangers, friends and foes, 'twas then I saw
That yours, my country no such garland wore;

And heard you asking in the waning hours
With pallid lips and face tear-stained:
"For me not one leaf has remained?" . . .

CONTEMPORARY GREEK ART

Phroso Efthimiadi
Specializes in Terracottas



Miss Efthimiadi's House
 Displays Many Items from Her Studios



A Figurine by Miss Efthimiadi

PHROSO EFTHIMIADI is probably one of the few artists today in Greece who specialize in terracottas and ceramics. But her art is a very ancient and honored tradition in Greece, and Phroso has proven that she can profit by the past.

The tradition of course was never broken in Greece and it came down in the form of beautiful chinaware and allied forms, but Miss Efthimiadi went further. She established a factory in Greece fitted with up to date machinery and electric ovens. Her sources have been both the art of the people in ceramics and the ancient classical examples which abound in the museums. In one more respect she has been a pioneer. In the preparation of the clay. Having taken all that folk art could teach her, she

devised her own ways and blends.

PhrosoEa

Miss Efthimiadi has been exhibiting since 1938. She believes that the art of sculpture should become part of the people's life, and she devised different forms which could very easily beautify a living room or some other part of a modern house or apartment, or perhaps the garden. Once she received a commission to beautify the parks of Athens with her terracottas but the war intervened.

In America she exhibited at the World's Fair, New York (1939), and at the International Women's Art Exhibit, Riverside Museum. She further exhibited at London, Paris, Cairo, Stockholm, Buenos Aires, Bolivia Peru, etc.

Archbishop Michael Strengthens Orthodoxy in America



OFFICIAL RECEPTION FOLLOWING DEDICATION OF SAINT SOPHIA GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH AT LOS ANGELES. — (Left to Right) Bishop Ezekiel Bovan; Bishop Germanos of Charlotte, S. C.; Archbishop Michael of North and South America; Bishop Athenagoras of Western States; Charles Skouras of Los Angeles, theatre magnate and main sponsor of St. Sophia and chairman of the reception; Paul Demos, well known Greek-American leader and member of the mixed council of the archdiocese.

On the occasion of the dedication of the magnificent St. Sophia Church in Los Angeles, it was pointed out that the progress of the Greek Orthodox Church under the jurisdiction of His Eminence Archbishop Michael of North and South America has been phenomenal. Not only has there been a resurgence of the fervent feeling of achievement among the three hundred and fifty odd parishes that comprise the Archdiocese, but one can confidently say that by and large Greek Orthodoxy has come of age in America.

This of course is largely due to the constructive administrative policies of the archbishop, and the slowly maturing feeling among the younger generation of Greek Americans concerning the moral and religious legacies of the Greek church.

The overall program of the archdiocese covers a variety of topics all of which are important. Take the educational sector. On this segment the long range program is stupendous, but judging from recent reports it is well on its way. The emphasis

at present is in the direction of all day parochial schools. The number of such schools is increasing. In a recent interview the Archbishop aptly referred to the completion of the Chicago Assumption Greek Church Parochial School, said to be the finest in the country with an already overflowing attendance. He also cited schools at the Bronx, the Greek Cathedral in N. Y., the Koraes school in Chicago and the Socrates school also in Chicago. The latter is now administered by a board belonging to the new generation. It is also encouraging that the first high school has been started at the St. Basil Academy.

There has been also a marked improvement in the Catechistical schools, thanks largely to volunteer supervisors. There has been an increase of about 5000 Sunday school pupils during the last year and the numbers are increasing daily.

The building program of the Greek American communities is also significant according to the Archbishop. At least forty-five churches were built

(Continued on Page 47)

Archbishop Michael Meets Chicago Greek-American Leaders

As an example of the feverish building activity now besetting the Greek-American communities in this country referred to by Archbishop Michael, one may mention the community of Sts. Constantine and Helen, in Chicago's South Side. This is one of the oldest and most distinguished Greek-American communities in the country. Under the leadership of such men as Nikitas Nomikos, now the honorary president but for many years an active worker, this community has been a leader and became the host to such historic personages as Patriarch Metaxakis, El. Venizelos, several archbishops such as Rodostolou, and the present Patriarch, Athenagoras I.

Right now this community is in the throes of a \$2,000,000 building program which includes in addition to what is probably the largest Greek Orthodox religious building in America, future school buildings and community centers. The church edifice is already under construction at 74th and Stony Island Avenue in Chicago. Pierre A. Demets is chairman of the executive board which is in charge of construction. James Pappageorge, a well known Chicago business man is president of the church board, assisted by such leaders as Mr. William Karzas, Spiro Salapatas, D. Chrissis, Phillip Voulis, Anthony Papageorgiou, J. Glyman, C. Manolis, George Manta, Evangelos Pappas, P. Mitchell, and others.

The drive to raise the necessary funds for the completion of the interior of the structure, has been spurred by a dance party at the Trianon Ballroom on December 8. As a matter of fact the drive is on continuously since it will take considerable money to finish the job. But the parishioners, together with their church leaders mentioned above, are determined to see the work completed. Ever since services are being held in the new structure, the congregation has increased considerably in number and that accounts also for the faster tempo in the building drive.



CHICAGO ST. CONSTANTINE LEADERS: (L to R) Rev. M. Tripodakis, pastor of the church; Bishop Gerasimos of Chicago; M. Hatsos, Greek Radio Executive; Archbishop Michael; Wm. Karzas, chairman of the Board; Deacon Neophytos; Nikitas Nomikos, honorary President of the Community; Mr. C. Marinakos and Pierre A. Demets (extreme right). (All three photos were taken on grounds of Pierre Demets' famous Palm Grove Inn in Chicago).



(L to R) Pierre A. Demets, President of the Executive Board; Archbishop Michael, and James Pappageorge, President of the St. Constantine Community.



(L to R) James Pappageorge; Archbishop Michael; Rev. M. Tripodakis, and William Karzas, Chairman of the Board of trustees of St. Constantine's.



REPORT FROM ATHENS

By
MAVRA JOAKIMIDES

ANCIENT FESTIVAL AT MYCENAE: On the occasion of the latest excavations at the ancient site of Mycenae which have evoked world wide interest, the Hellenic Tourist Club organized the ancient chorodrama "Orpheus and Eurydice" by the Rhallous



MISS DORA TSATSOS AS EURIDICE
AT THE MYCENAE CHORODRAMA

Manos chorography group. The excursionists visited the excavation site, then they heard a talk by John Papademetriou, the excavation chief who explained the importance of the latest finds as they affect the accepted theories regarding the Mycenean period.



THE GATE OF THE LIONS AT MYCENAE

MEDIEVAL CELEBRATION AT RHODES: Under the auspices of the governor General of the Dodecanese Rhodes organized medieval festivals during the first two weeks of last September. Of especial interest was the production of the medieval play "Herophile" written by the poet Hortatzis, during the 17th century in the Cretan dialect. The National Theatre of Greece and the Lyceum of Hellenic



A SCENE FROM THE PLAY "EROPHILE" AT THE MEDIEVAL PALACE
AT RHODES, PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF ALEX
SOLOMOS.

Women participated in the production which took place on Sept. 7, in the courtyard of the medieval palace at Rhodes, so called the Palace of the Grand Masters. Both the play and the festivals proved a huge success and the island administration has decided to make of it an annual affair.

*

THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR AT SALONICA: The international Fair at Salonica, the second city in Greece, opened with considerable fanfare and proved a great success. This is the second such fair since the liberation of the city and the quality of the exhibits generally displayed were of superior workmanship than on previous occasions. This attests to the industrial progress and economic efficiency of the country.

Eleven hundred and eighteen exhibitors participated this year representing twenty nations. The American section is of course one of the best in the fair and the NATO was represented for the first time with an exhibit. Likewise too neighboring Yugoslavia participated in the fair for the first time since before the war.

•

THE WORLD MEDICAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION: Of unusual interest to international science was the convention of the World Medical Association which took place in Athens in October. Forty-three nations participated with a total membership of 700,000 M. D.'s. Some of the greatest living doctors from all parts of the world, particularly from the United States, England, Canada, Germany, Italy, Japan, Australia, Belgium, Holland, Finland, Israel, Union of South Africa, India, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, etc., came to Athens to attend

this important congress, bringing with them important papers and new discoveries which they presented to their colleagues. The president of the Hellenic Medical Association Dr. G. Krimbas, presided at the conference. The meetings took place at the hall of the Greek Chamber of Deputies in Athens.

*

NICOLA MOSCONAS, the well known Metropolitan Opera Basso, returned to his native Greece for the first time in three years. He appeared at the Rhodes Atticus Theatre with the National (Government) orchestra of Athens, under the direction of the celebrated conductor Mr. Economides. He appeared before capacity crowds everywhere including the Athens Stadium where he sang Greek songs. Mr. Mosconas told me that he expects to come to Chicago soon on a concert tour. In the meantime he is leaving Greece to fulfill his operatic commitments with the Metropolitan Opera Co. but promised to return here soon.

■

THE 90-PIECE FAMOUS NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of Belgrade visited Athens this summer under the direction of its excellent conductor, Givoine Zdravkovitch. They gave four concerts at the Herodes Atticus Odeon, and the last performance was conducted by the Greek conductor Th. Varagiannis. All performances were highly successful, and all featured classical works and contemporary Yugoslav compositions. We understand that our own Symphony Orchestra has been invited to visit Belgrade soon on a similar mission. This exchange of artists is a boon to better relations between the two countries.



MR. MOSCONAS (left) RECEIVING THE PLAUDITS OF THE AUDIENCE AT THE HERODES ATTICUS ODEON. CONDUCTOR PHILOCTITES ECONOMIDES OF THE ATHENS SYMPHONY JOINS IN THE APPLAUSE.

ATHENE READERS IN GREECE AND THROUGHOUT THE MIDDLE EAST SHOULD SEND ALL NEWS ITEMS DESTINED FOR THIS COLUMN DIRECT TO OUR ATHENS REPRESENTATIVE:

MAVRA JOAKIMIDES
38 YDRA STREET
ATHENS 8, GREECE



GIVOINE ZDRAVKOVITCH CONDUCTING THE FAMOUS 90-PIECE BELGRADE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN ATHENS.



A GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE WORLD MEDICAL ASSN. CONVENTION IN ATHENS. OUR ATHENS CORRESPONDENT, MME. JOAKIMEDES (second from left) IS SEEN TALKING TO DR. FLEMING, THE DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN.

Τῷ Ἐντιμωτάτῳ κυρίῳ Δημητρίῳ Μιχαλάρῳ, τέκνῳ ἐν Κυρίῳ
ἀγαπητῷ τῆς ἡμῶν Μετριότητος, χάρις εἴη τῇ ὑμετέρᾳ Ἐντιμότητι
καί εἰρήνῃ παρὰ Θεοῦ.

Εἰς Σικαγον.

Μετ' ἐξαιρετικῆς χαρᾶς λαμβάνομεν τό παρὰ τῆς ὑμετέρας
ἀγαπητῆς Ἐντιμότητος ἀποστελλόμενον ἡμῖν τακτικῶς ἀξιόλογον
ὑμῶν Περιοδικόν "ATHENE", διὰ τε τὴν τοιούτῳ τῷ λεπτῷ τρόπῳ ἐκ-
δήλωσιν τῶν πλουσίων ὑμῶν αἰσθημάτων, τὴν εὐγενῆ προσφορὰν
καί τὴν καλὴν τῆς ἐπικοινωνίας ταύτης εὐκαιρίαν.

Ἄλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον εὐχαριστοῦμεθα μελετῶντες αὐτό ἐκ τοῦ πολ-
λοῦ ἐνδιαφέροντος, ὅπερ προκαλεῖ, καί ἐκ τῆς ἰδέας ὅτι θά θησαυ-
ρίζωμεν δι' αὐτοῦ τὴν καθ' ἡμᾶς Πατριαρχικὴν Βιβλιοθήκην.

Καί νῦν γράφοντες ὑμῖν ἐπιθυμοῦμεν νὰ ἐκφράσωμεν εὐχαρι-
στίας θερμοτάτας ἐπὶ τῇ πρόφρονι ταύτῃ ἀποστολῇ καί μειζρόνως
νὰ συγχαρῶμεν διὰ τὴν ἔκδοσιν τοιούτου περισπουδάστου ἐπιστη-
μονικοῦ Περιοδικοῦ, εὐλόγενοι ὅπως ὁ Ὑψιστος ἐνισχύῃ ὑμᾶς
πρὸς συνέχισιν τῆς τόσον γονίμου πνευματικῆς ὑμῶν ἐργασίας.

Καί ἐπιτούτοις παρακαλοῦντες ὅπως ἡ εὐγενὴς αὕτη χειρο-
νομία τῆς ὑμετέρας Ἐντιμότητος συνεχισθῇ καί εἰς τό μέλλον,
ἀπονέμομεν ὑμῖν ὀδόθυμον τὴν πατρικὴν καί Πατριαρχικὴν ἡμῶν
εὐλογίαν.

Ἐκ τῆς
Ἐκ τῆς
Ἐκ τῆς

Ἐκ τῆς
Ἐκ τῆς
Ἐκ τῆς

CHICAGOAN MEETS PATRIARCH and KING



On a recent trip abroad Mr. Paul Demos, well known Chicagoan, prominent Ahepan and member of the Mixed Council of the Archdiocese, paid his respects to his old friend the Oecumenical Patriarch at Isthambul, and while in Athens he was received by King Paul. Mr. Demos has been active in Greek-American affairs for many years.



ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL STRENGTHENING ORTHODOXY IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 42)

or remodelled during the last three years, that of St. Sophia at Los Angeles, sponsored by Charles Skouras, being the most magnificent in conception, and splendor. At the dedication of this \$2,000,000 church which took place recently, the entire staff of the archdiocese participated including the archbishop, the auxiliary bishops and numerous members of the clergy since the dedication ceremonies coincided with the eleventh clergy-laity convention held this year in Los Angeles. The ceremonies of the dedication were widely reported in the American press all over the country, including Life Magazine which published a long detailed story with numerous photographs.

We need community centers, and in this sector too the archdiocese mentioned a number of communities which already have built such centers, including Savannah, Ga., Salt Lake City, Utah, Columbus, Ohio and Troy, N. Y.

Archbishop Michael has great plans for the Orthodox Youth of America, since by and large theirs is the greatest problem of all. There have been already two Orthodox Youth conventions, one in Chicago last year, and the other in Washington this year. The movement is under the spiritual supervision of the Archdiocese and the idea seems to have taken hold of the Greek Orthodox youth in America, and they come in throngs to join. Eventual-

ly there will be a chapter wherever there are orthodox communities. Actually there are two parallel organizations. The junior order appeals to youngsters from 12 to 18 and the other to the older youth, 12 to 35. The Greek Orthodox Youth of America has a great future thanks to the enthusiasm and initiative of Archbishop Michael and the other sponsors of the movement.

On the financial arrangements sector, the Archbishop inaugurated the ten dollar a year dues plan, which has been a great success and promises to solve many of the problems of the church.





NEW YORK

By
JOHN BELASCO

OUR EASTERN METROPOLIS: The holiday season has started in earnest here. Christmas shopping has started early, with shoppers crowding every available store space. Largest Christmas tree has been lit at Rockefeller Center, right under the Prometheus statue. It is said to have over seven thousand lights.

A TRIP TO GLORIOUS GREECE: I have received the following letter from Greece from Miss Adriana (Antonopoulos) Anthony, New York born high school lass:

"Dear John:

"Well, my three months' trip to beautiful Greece is about to come to an end. So far I can honestly say, I've have enjoyed my trip. We visited many places. Most of the summer months we stayed at the province of Arcadia, birthplace of my family tree. The country life and warm hospitality were



MISS ADRIANA ANTHONY AT THE ACROPOLIS

grand, and I shall always remember it. There I felt close to nature. The live stock picking fruit from trees and drinking spring water was very tempting and unforgettable. We toured the charming seaport of Kalamata and the historic city of Sparta. At Tripolis I had the opportunity to inspect the American-designed Tripolis Hospital. It is very big and well constructed. Its biggest section is occupied by grateful disabled ex-service men from all parts of Greece. The city of Athens reminded me much of New York, with its subways and stores. A visit to Parthenon gave me a real thrill. My only disappointment there was not being received by any of the great ancient thinkers. I was hoping to run

into Prometheus, but perhaps he was away with Venus or Athene. I understand the Greek Line will have a new great liner soon. Let us hope they will organize school groups on a special rate fare, so that more and more youth may visit our glorious Greece. Regards from my sister Mary and my parents.

Andriana"

POSEIDON CONFECTIONERY: This sweets-center which ever since 1922 has been supplying Greek-American homes, Coffee houses, restaurants and assorted social functions with oriental pastries, has



MR. AND MRS. M. ANAGNOSTOU (Left) WITH MR. and MRS. N. PETRAKIS, OWNERS OF POSEIDON CONFECTIONERY, SHOWING PART OF THEIR STORE.

moved to a new address: 629 Ninth Ave., between 44th and 45th Sts. The new store is cozy looking and has a sanitary atmosphere. Although a full line of pastries are baked there, they specialize in home made Baklava, Kataif, Trigona, and Saragli, and their telephone is PLaza 7-6173.

IT HAS BEEN RECENTLY ANNOUNCED that John V. Sheoris, a student at the Yale University School of Architecture has been awarded the Magnus T. Hooper \$2000 scholarship for research work during the last year of his attendance at the school. This talented youth who is related to me, is American born, and his parents hail from Issari, Arcadia.

Recently he was married to charming Miss Phyllis Martakis here at the Greek Cathedral with a reception following at the St. Moritz Hotel. Our congratulations.

NATIONAL GREEK THEATRE: Of considerable importance in the history of the theatre is the coming of the National Theatre of Greece to these shores to produce two Sophocles plays at the Mark Hellinger Theatre. There will be only fifteen performances. Guthrie McClintic deserves great credit for his efforts in making this visit possible. Practically all the leading actors and actresses of Greece will participate, and the National Greek Theatre under the inspiring direction of Mr. Minotis and Mr. Rendiris has made great progress in Greece.

NOTED PIONEER DIES: Adam A. Adams, the well known New Jersey theatre owner and philanthropist died at the St. Michael Hospital of Newark, N. J. Funeral services were held at the Newark St. Nicholas Church of which he was a founder and chief benefactor. It was an impressive funeral attended by hundreds of his friends and neighbors, including the mayor of Newark, the city council and other prominent jerseyites. His Greek name was



THE LATE ADAM A. ADAMS, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS CHARMING WIFE, AND LOVELY MOVIE STAR JUNE HAVER, AT WARNER BROS. STUDIO IN HOLLYWOOD, WHILE ATTENDING "THEATRE OWNERS OF AMERICA" CONVENTION.

Adamantios A. Adamopoulos. He was born at Tegea, Arcadia, Greece, and came to American in 1901, at an early age. Through hard work and persistence he managed to amass considerable wealth which he used wisely giving much to philanthropy. He is survived by his wife, a daughter and three sons and five grandchildren.

*

AHEPAN PERSONALITY: An invitation brought me again this year to another delightful Ahepan gathering which took place recently at the auditorium of the "Three Hierarchai" Greek church in Brooklyn. Honor guest was Mr. John Stevason for



CONEY ISLAND AHEPA HONORS JOHN STEVASON

Photo by Ted Vendikos

whom the testimonial dinner was given by the Coney Island Chapter of Ahepa, No. 200, of which Alexander Litras is president. Seventy-five friends and

members from other chapters came to pay their respects to the honored guest. John G. Thevos was the toastmaster and several well known Ahepa personalities from hereabouts extolled with brief remarks the services John Stevason rendered to the fraternity during 27 years of faithful service.

Besides being the founder of the Coney Island Chapter of the Order of Ahepa, Mr. Stevason became a star war bond salesman during the war while his son, Attorney Nick Stevason was in the army. He sold seven and a half million dollars war bonds.

John (Stevaktakis) Stevason, is a well known real estate broker in this community. He was born February 28, 1893 at Siva, Heraclion, Crete, and came to America in 1910. He takes great pride in his three lovely grandchildren.

■

ANNUAL GREEK-AMERICAN AFFAIRS: The Mesenian Society opened the social season with their tactful and joyful affair followed by the Icarians, the Cretans, the Ahepa combined chapters, the Lacedaemonians, the Gapa with its annual beauty contest. In Brooklyn the three communities give a combined dance. Among other swell gatherings of a formal background we should mention the fashion show and card party of the Junior Auxiliary of the Cathedral given at the Biltmore for the benefit of the St. Basil Academy. The Hellenic University Club, Syllogos Ton Epistimonon held their dinner on Thanksgiving eve at the towering Hotel Pierre. The Greek-American Veterans Association of World War II held their ball; The Evangelismos Church brightened up the community with their tea and dance scoring their greatest success in the history of the church.

■

GREEK PRESS: Atlantis Greek Daily, serving the Greeks of America for over half a century, came out with a monthly illustrated which both in appearance and contents is superb. Congratulations to the publishers of Atlantis for giving the Greeks of America and of Greece, for that matter, such a splendid magazine.

Also the National Herald, another progressive Greek daily, likewise published in New York, but with a national circulation, has been featuring in its Sunday edition, English section, articles dealing with modern life by Miss Catherine Kolocotronis. Congratulations, Miss Kolocotronis.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL MY READERS

*

John Belasco

BOOKS

LIPPINCOTT'S PUBLISH FASCINATING GIANAKOULIS BOOK ON GREECE

Reviewed by D. MICHALAROS

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF GREECE

By Theodore Gianakoulis

J. B. Lippincott Company,

Philadelphia-New York (1952) \$2.50

This is an important book by an important author. Theodore Gianakoulis is not a stranger to Athene readers but this new book of his reveals how graciously he blends poetic prose with his narrative to build up a story that is pleasant, accurate, concise and instructive.



TH. GIANAKOULIS

To write a short history of Greece is a job for anyone. To condense 3000 years of life history of the Greek people in this thin volume which is appropriately entitled: "The Land and People of Greece" is in our opinion a major achievement, and well fits the purpose of the series it is intended for.

Lippincott's is doing a great service to America by presenting these PORTRAITS OF THE NATIONS series. Each volume introduces one of our world neighbor

nations in a simple, direct and friendly way. These are the kind of books we need today in this country and the story of Greece and the Greek people as delineated by Theodore Gianakoulis is excellent, done and constitutes healthy reading for young and old alike. Someone has aptly termed it a Herodotus narrative. We agree. It is dynamic in its simplicity and all comprehensive in its conciseness.

There are many reasons why Athene readers and the Greek-American public will find this book an invaluable addition to their home libraries. To the busy individual it gives an overall picture of Greek history in a rather short reading-time. The book contains only 117 pages exclusive of the picture section, and yet it gives you the essential facts clearly and in a language everybody can understand. For the younger generation this fascinating exposition will whet their appetite for further reading. Clubs and societies should have a copy on display in their headquarters or during their meetings and if possible someone should explain to the members the value of this volume. Church organizations too, should do the same. It is very seldom that one is given the opportunity to buy such a valuable book for so little money. Furthermore we had been looking for a handy volume like that, and we, the Greek-Americans should thank Mr. Gianakoulis and the J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia and New York, for resolving our problem so handsomely and so inexpensively, one might say.

Of course Mr. Gianakoulis is a well known author and poet, but his lively descriptions of the olive groves, and the islands, and the plains and the seas that surround the Greek lands relive for us the legends and history of the Greek people, and the heritage of Hellenic civilization. He unrolls for us the great pageant of history of Greece from the days of Homer through the Persian Wars, the Golden Age, the World of Alexander; Byzantium, and the Greece that was born in 1821, full of vigor, hope and confident that the morrow will bring new treasures of the soul and the mind.

TWO FACTS ABOUT THE GREEKS

Reviewed by C. J. LAMPOS

There is nothing more flattering to a reviewer than to have a fellow craftsman borrow some of his review books because of the remarks he has written on them. Costas Prousis, who writes in neighboring pages here, paid us this compliment recently, and he even loaned us a book of his own collection. It is THE GREEKS by H. D. F. Kitto (Penguin Books. Harmondsworth Middlesex, England. 1951. 256 pp.).

A mere glance reveals that this is one of the best interpretations of Greek character ever written. There are two vital facts on the first page, and a more serious reading would make this review endless. Professor Kitto, who is an Englishman, says that the Greeks were not very numerous not very powerful, and not very well organized, but they had "a totally new conception of what human life was for, and showed for the first time what the human mind was for." They themselves felt that they were different from any other people that they knew, and they divided the human family into Hellenes and barbarians. But by "barbaros" the Greeks did not mean "barbarian" in our sense—that is, a term of loathing or contempt, meaning one who eats raw meat or is uncivilized. Rather, it meant to them one who made noises like "bar bar" instead of speaking Greek. If you did not speak Greek you were a "barbarian", regardless of the fact that you might have belonged to some wild Thracian tribe or to the luxurious cities of the East or Egypt, which the Greeks knew had a stable and civilized organization many centuries before Greece existed.

THE IMMORTAL SLAVE

Our first and second grade READERS 30-odd years ago contained such stories as The Boy Who Cried Wolf, The Hare-Tortoise Race, The Fox and the Sour Grapes, The Crow and the Piece of Cheese, The Dog Who Jumped into the River for a Bigger Piece of Meat, and others of this nature. These were all fables of Aesop, and who among us is not a student of Aesop's? There is ample evidence that today's youngsters are also Aesop children. Two recent collections are AESOP'S FABLES (Illustrated Junior Library. Grosset Dunlap. New York. 1947. 234 pp. \$1.50) and THE FABLES OF AESOP (Edited by Joseph Jacobs. The Macmillan Co. New York. 1950. 174 pp. \$2.00).

There are from three to seven hundred beast stories which are commonly referred to as Aesop's fables, though of course many of them go back to Eastern lands and many others are much later additions. Whether or not Aesop really existed is a Homeric question. Tradition says that he was a slave, and a deformed one to boot, who gained his freedom by his storytelling. He became a courtier of Croesus and his ambassador, often winning his point in diplomacy with a beast tale. He wrote nothing, and three centuries passed before Phalereus of Athens, founder of the Alexandria Library, made the first collection—of about 200 fables—under the title of "Assemblies of Aesopic Tales". Three more centuries later, another Greek freedman, Phaedrus by name, rendered the stories into Latin iambics. And still another century later, Valerius Babrius added Indian, or Libyan, beast tales to the Aesopic library. In the 1300's Maximus Planudes a Byzantine monk, compiled a definite collection. Each collector-translator down to modern times, and they are numerous, added, inserted, edited, and changed the various fables—even the two books before us are retellings.

But the spirit and body of Aesop's Fables are still as intact today—still as perfectly applicable and as perfectly delightful—as in the best times of Greek literature. This slave is truly an immortal teacher of the world's children—and adults, too.

THE EXQUISITE CRAFTSMEN

One of the most eye-appealing and informative of recent books on Greek art comes from England. It is *GREEK TERRACOTTAS* by T. B. I. Webster (King Penguin Books. Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England, 1950.), the first book in English for the last fifty years to deal with this field of Greek artistic genius. Terracotta means fired clay, and it was a medium which the Greeks used for a number of purposes—roof-tiles, vases, plaques, models for bronze statues, large sculpture, and small statuettes. This brief study, for the text runs to only 22 pages, is confined to small statuettes.

These statuettes have been found in very large quantities in temples graves, and private houses. They were evidently used for various purposes—as dedications to the gods, as offerings to the dead, and as the ornaments and toys of the living. The gods were supposed to enjoy these beautiful or amusing figures—the Greek word for statue “agalma”, originally meant “a source of pleasure”—and so were the dead. When a person was buried he was given a little clay rider if he had been a cavalryman, or a troupe of actors if he had been a play-goer. In origin the statuettes in tombs may have been substitutes for human sacrifice.

Thousands of these statuettes have been found in Rhodes, Cyprus, Crete, Asia Minor, Tegea, Athens. Sparta. Argos. Corinth. Thebes, the Aegean islands, Sicily, and South Italy. Indeed, so many thousands have been found in one locality, Tanagra, an otherwise unimportant little town in Boeotia, that these statuettes are sometimes popularly called “Tanagras”. The artists who made these statuettes were humble craftsmen, probably most of them being slaves. Because they were produced in large numbers from moulds, they are not unique in the sense that a cup of Euphronios or a poem by Sappho is unique. But they are also works of art. The moulds were made by good, sometimes by very good, artists, and the statuettes were finished and painted so that they became alive and exciting.

“The best of those that have survived retain their immediate and direct appeal today.” Prof. Webster concludes and his 54 illustrations (most of them of statuettes of less than a foot in height) prove it.

Sponsor Benefit Performance



Photographed at the Plaza Hotel

Co-chairmen of the preview performance of *ELECTRA*, given by the Greek National Theatre for the benefit of the American National Theatre and Academy and the Friends of Greece, Mrs. Joseph A. Neff and Mrs. Spyros P. Skouras are being assisted by a distinguished committee.

To Doris

By GEORGE KOUTRIS

I.

Cupid modeled with artistic grace the elegant curves
On your lips which unfold like budding leaves
Of rosy hue their exquisite charm,
And their sparkling radiance brightens your face,
As bow's wavy lines move to and fro as you smile gently.
That alluring smile, the captivating glance
Depict the ideal beauty: Serene eyes, cheeks adorned
With bewitching dimples, bow-girt mouth harmoniously curved
In all, a most lovely face; Winsomeness, loveliness incarnate;
A divine symmetry.
Not a word need be spoken—not a word!
Only that fascinating smile entrances me
And moves my soul with passion.
And I . . . I simply smile prosaically in return.
That is all—That is all.

II.

Ethereal, sweet countenance enshrined with graceful curves
Of Cupid's bow, that encompass two tulip-red lips,
Symbols of desire's sublime enchantment the kiss;
The flaming kiss that inspires
Passionate thoughts of love and stirs soul's

Burning desire to heavenly rapture
In fleeting, blissful moments of ecstasy
Within the sacred grove of eternity.
O, the magic curves that embrace the charm of your mouth!
O, the intangible entities that enhance
The infinite beauty of your face!
The all of you—Beautiful you,
Wonderful you, lovely you, lovable you.
And you . . . , And you . . . , And you . . .
That is all—That is all.

III.

So gracefully dangles upon your bosom
The black cameo that softly flashes contrasts
Of snow-white loveliness
And night's eternal mystery!
And your matchless eyes, glancing eyes, smiling eyes,
Beaming piercing darts
Radiate in their every glimpse
Lightnings of sensuous love,
As they reflect black cameo's beauty.
And not a word need be spoken—not a word!
Fascinated, enchanted, enthralled
I . . . , I smile sphinx-like and sigh in return,
While I hear the only word that need be spoken:
Doris . . . Diris . . . Doris . . .
Reverberating within the frame of my consciousness.
That is all—That is all.



Mavrodaphne Wines Gain World-Wide Distribution

Greece has always been known to produce fine wines. In antiquity some of the most famous myths of the people revolved around the pressing of the grapes and the resultant fluid which finally became the dominant exhilarating drink of the ancients.

Dionysus was not only the god of wine. He was also the deity that fostered the arts of poetry and the drama in Greece, and thus the connection between wine and art and civilization is a real one, at least it was real to the ancient Greeks.

Now Greece produces a variety of tasty and famous wines, but one of the most famous, if not the most famous is Clauss Mavrodaphne, produced by the Achaia Clauss Wine Company, which is situated in the province of Achaia in the Greek Peloponnesus, near the gulf and town of Patras, amid extremely beautiful surroundings some six hundred feet above sea level. The sunny slopes of the vineyards, the soil and the climate are ideally suited to produce grapes of a wine making variety, grapes which have been noted for these qualities since antiquity, and which now produce the famous Mavrodaphne wine, with its worldwide fame and distribution.

Of course in the preparation of Mavrodaphne wine, credit should be given to the Achaia Clauss Wine Company. For although the quality of the grapes we have been describing above have been known for centuries, it was this company that pioneered the making of this wine in modern times. The company was originally founded in the year 1861, by Gustav Clauss who came to Greece early in 1850. He had heard of the famed wines produced in that region, and of the famous Mavrodaphne grapes, and he immediately went to work to make the production of Mavrodaphne wine more efficient and even more tasty. That he succeeded in this, we have only to mention that today, the Clauss Mavrodaphne wines are to be found all over the world.

As it happens with so many other world famous articles which owe their excellence to a certain locality and climate, it is difficult to say exactly

to what these wines owe their distinctiveness. It has been suggested that this is due to the fact that the finest grapes are grown in this locality of the Patras district owing to the elevated position and rich soil of the vineyards. Also in great measure to the hereditary and accumulated skill of the employees who from generation to generation have handed down the art of producing the finest Mavrodaphne and Malmsey wines.

In addition to that elusive and indefinable something in the soil or the atmosphere of this particular district which contributes to the outstanding virtues of these wines, the conditions under which these products are prepared are, in a way unique. The staff and workers constitute what is practically a self-contained community, living as they do with their families, in close proximity to the plant, remote from outside associations. Many of these families have been connected with the company for as long as three generations.

The original Mavrodaphne produced by this company is a sweet wine, practically identical with port, except that Port has a higher alcoholic content. Clauss Mavrodaphne is produced in only one degree of sweetness, midway between port and malaga and in one color similar to tawny port.

In addition to Mavrodaphne this company also produces Malmsey, a sweet wine; Demestica, a dry table wine; Vermouth and Brandy.

Malmsey in its original sense was the product of a sweet grape (black or white) originating from



A FEW OF THE IMMENSE VATS AT THE
ACHAIA CLAUSS MAVRODAPHNE WINERIES



Vine Yards and Achaia Clauss Winery at Patras

the town and environs of Monemvasia on the southeast coast of the Peloponnesus. As far back as the Middle Ages this Greek wine was sent all over the world. It was in fact subsequently imitated by Italians and Spanish wine producers. In Italy the Monemvasia was changed into Malvasia and in Spain —perhaps under the influence of the English consumer, into Malmsey.

Only recently King Paul of Greece had award-

ed the special appointment as supplier to his Majesty's Royal Court to Achaia Clauss Wine Co. The Catholic Archbishop in Greece, likewise has issued a document praising the high qualities of Clauss Mavrodaphne.

Achaia Clauss Wine Company is represented in the United States by Carillon Importers, Ltd., 693 Fifth Avenue, New York — sole agents for their wines in America.

CHICAGO GREEK-AMERICAN CONCERN

PIONEER PAPER NAPKIN MANUFACTURERS

When you eat in a restaurant and you see those handy and cute folded paper napkins, please remember that the idea was conceived some thirty-two years ago in Chicago by Greek-Americans but it wasn't till 1924 that the first folded paper napkin came off the first folding machine.

The pioneer organization of the folded paper napkin in America is the National Paper Napkin Mfg. Co., 1308 N. Halsted Street, in Chicago. Its present owner, Andrew Bourdes, a veteran in the manufacturing of folded paper napkins is now retired, and the management of the company is in the hands of his nephew, George Bourdes, a very

able young man who is assisted by an efficient personnel, headed by Sam Skoufakiss.

George Bourdes has recently returned from Greece where he married the charming Miss Koula Glentze, from beautiful Kynouria. Both Andrew and George Bourdes hail from Xylokastro of Corinth.

One of the leading manufacturers of folded paper napkins, the National Paper Napkin Mfg. Co., sells its products to half of the states of the union and in Canada with warehouses everywhere. They are truly leaders in the field and they have installed the most up-to-date machinery in their factory. They are leaders, too, in the design and quality of paper napkins.

Nilsen Plays Prometheus

On the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Delphic Festivals which were produced in Greece in 1927, by Eva and Anghelos Sikelianos, starring the well known tragedian George Bourlos as Prometheus, a revival of the great play by the Linos Karzis group at the Theatre at Delphi brought to Greece many distinguished actors, among them Hans Jacob Nilsen of Norway. Mr. Nilsen interpreted the part of Prometheus with great success. Our correspondent in Athens, Mme. Mavra Joakimides, interviewed the great Norwegian actor.



HANS JACOB NILSEN, FAMOUS NORWEGIAN ACTOR,
AS HAMLET A ROLE IN WHICH HE EXCELLS

What is your opinion about the ancient Greek tragedians he was asked.

I admire them, answered Mr. Nilsen. I consider them the highest pinnacle of literary achievement. Their works are monumental and cannot be compared with those of any other writers. They lift life on a higher plane and their work tends to deify life.

How do you rate "Prometheus?"

Liberty is the central theme of this astounding theatrical creation. Man's efforts to break the shackles of slavery.

Do you believe that the ancient Greek Theatre is essential for the interpretation of tragedy?

I do. And furthermore the best way to produce tragedy is to stage it in Greece, with its blue sky and clear atmosphere.

What do you think of the idea that foreign actors should interpret these roles in their own tongue when they are invited to play in Greece?

I think it is wonderful. We find it quite natural in Norway, too, where many foreign leading actors interpret Ibsenian roles in their own tongue when they are invited to play in my country as guests.

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Talented Violinist



Miss Alcestis Bishop, a young talented violinist, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Timothy Bishop, 3753 N. Fremont St., Chicago. She is 18, and has just won a contract with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. She also holds a scholarship at Eastman School of Music in Rochester and has been awarded "the honor of membership to the Mu Phi Epsilon National music sorority for her scholarship and musicianship."

Miss Bishop has played many times at Orchestra Hall in Chicago, and she appeared last year as soloist with the Chicago Youth Orchestra and the Chicago Symphony. She has been concertmistress of the College Orchestra at Interlochen, Michigan, last summer and among the many honors and awards she won, she received the Interlochen medal as the outstanding girl musician during the 1951 season, winning over 1500 other teen aged musicians and artists.

GREETINGS
FROM

MID CITY DAIRY

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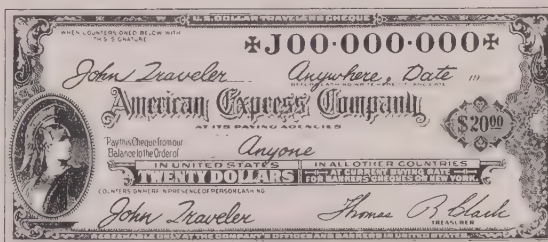
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Who's Who in the Produce Industry

Whoever said, "The Greeks have a word for it" was absolutely right if he was talking about Pete Gianukos, partner in the big fruit receiving house of Gianukos & Demos in Chicago's South Water Market. Pete always seems to have the right word when he is talking about apples, and his firm bids fair to become one of the most important factors in the distribution of fruit in the Midwest.

Pete was born in Sparta, Greece in 1901. That's the section where the famous Spartans hail from—the men who never gave up, no matter what the opposition.

When he was just 14 years old young Pete with \$50 in his pocket set sail for the United States aboard the SS. Saxonia. He landed at Ellis Island



PETER D. GIANUKOS

and, after his screening, set out for Chicago to take employment with his uncle, Christ Cummings, who was in the fruit business there.

Realizing the need for an education, Pete went to the Central YMCA, where he applied himself to his studies and soon was able to enter Northwestern University.

When he started with his uncle, his first job was as a shipping clerk. He soon outgrew this job and was promoted to salesman, and to auction buyer in 1922. Then in 1926 he joined Pets Calvert as a partner. From 1926 to 1933 Pete gained plenty of experience in the fruit industry. He had just one objective in life—to become one of the country's leading fruit distributors.

In 1933, two things happened that were to have a profound effect on his life. He met and married Miss Pota Chacona of Oil City, Pa. Then together with Tom Demos, he formed the firm of Gianukos & Demos. Back in 1933 when they started, Gianukos & Demos handled some 200 cars of fruit a year. Today that volume has jumped to the com-

manding figure of between 2,000 and 3,000 cars yearly. They specialize in apples, pears, deciduous and citrus. Primo Mandolini, another member of the firm assisting him. Tom Demos works street sales.

Their store and office are located at 44 South Water Market, and the store is almost always filled with packages of fruit ready for sale.

Recalling one of the biggest gambles he ever took, Pete harked back to his early years in the business. He said that one season, together with the Procos Cachares Co. he bought up most of the apples grown in the Northwest. For a while, Pete said, it was a question of whether they would go broke or break even. Luckily, the apple market rallied, and they got out of the deal without losing or making money. It was a big speculation for a young man to take. Pete showed then that he had the nerve necessary to make a success in such a highly speculative business as the fruit industry.

Just a couple of years ago, Pete visited his native land, Greece. He has a lot of relatives there, his father, brothers and sisters. They are all farmers in the mountain country of Greece.

Pete is an ardent sports fan. He loves baseball, boxing matches and plays a little golf himself. When there is a big fight or a good ball game, this fruit man can always be found in a front seat.

He is also a great conventiongoer. He finds that the meetings of the International Apple Ass'n are highly instructive. The crop estimates particularly. Pete says he governs a great deal of his activities from what he learns at the crop session. He has many friends in the business from coast to coast, and he always has a good time when they all get together at the convention. The only meeting he has missed was the one held in Detroit recently; he was unable to be there because he was on the operating table at the time.

Pete has one son. Jimmy graduated from grammar school this year and will continue his education this Fall. Pete hopes to see the boy through college and then enter the fruit business with him.

In addition to the produce business, Pete is a restaurateur of no mean ability. He is a partner in Wellers Restaurant in Morton Grove, Ill. This place specializes in steaks and chops.

The Gianukos live in Evanston where they own an apartment house. In addition to all his other activities, Pete is a 32nd degree Mason; he belongs to Ahepa, the largest Greek fraternal organization in the country, having 30,000 members. At one time Pete was president of the local chapter. He belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church and is a regular member at Sunday services.

Pete's recipe for success in the fruit industry: hard work (plenty of it), giving the customers satisfactory fruit (make 'em come back for more), and, as always in this business, a willingness to gamble.

Reprinted from "The Produce News"

MY PRINCE OF DREAMS

(Continued from Page 21)

MARIA: You don't tell me all your secrets.

ANN: This one I would. Besides you would have guessed it, wouldn't you? No, Maria. I only love the trees, the flowers, the birds, the sky, the big moon, the sun, the stars. I found no one yet who can replace all these in my heart, that I may love him.

MARIA: I cannot understand you Annoula. Let's see. You want him to be pretty as the Sun; to sing like a bird; to be fragrant as the flowers. Where will you find such a man?

ANN: Do I have to find a man? If I find him, all right, I'll marry. If I don't, I won't marry. Is that clear?

MARIA: It will be a pity though, for you not to marry. (The nightingale is heard singing).

ANN: Quite Maria. The nightingale!

MARIA: I hear him too. He is far away.

ANN: He should be getting nearer. (Rises and looks through the trees as if she wants to discover the bird. Pauses suddenly). Maria, what's that up there in that tree? Look how his eyes sparkle. I am afraid, Maria. Now he flew away. Good riddance.

MARIA: Nature breeds all sorts of things.

ANN: No, Maria. Nature breeds only beautiful things. Even such creatures that seem repulsive to us. Take the snakes, for instance. You know, Maria, even a snake is a thing of beauty. I will never forget a large snake I once saw in the country. I saw it cross the road. And I marvelled at its curves. Those harmonious movements — how strange the snake travels! It does not crawl as they say. It jumps. And with the curves formed by its supple body it walks,—its head high, like a spirited horse.

MARIA: All the snakes I ever saw, crawled . . .

ANN: Ssst! Don't talk. I want to hear the nightingale! (Lies down again) Ah, that bird. I wish he would stop singing . . . (She falls into a reverie . . . a few seconds of silence).

MARIA: (Looking toward the fence. Suddenly startled. She pushes Ann. Slowly) Look, Anna, someone is staring at us . . . from the fence.

ANN: Don't break the spell, Maria. I don't care who stares at us.

MARIA: But he is watching us.

ANN: (Bored) Let them watch. Who is it? Man or woman?

MARIA: A young fellow . . . in gilded braid.

ANN: What? (Stands up startled. Looks in direction of fence). God! Are we dreaming, Maria? (Julius is looking at them, smiling).

MARIA: (Slightly alarmed) Come Anniouska, let's go in the house.

ANN: Why should we go in the house?

MARIA: Can't you see? He jumped the fence, and is coming this way. Lord, what is this. (More insistant) Come, let's go in the house, I tell you! (In the meantime Julius is slowly walking toward Ann. She makes a gesture as if to go, but stays, watching Julius approach. Maria steps behind her mistress. Julius advances to a point close enough to talk to her, but stops and keeps on looking at her, feigning surprise, too. For a moment both watch each other silent).

ANN: (As if dreaming) Are you a prince?

JULIUS: (Looking at his uniform) As you may see.

ANN: What is your name?

JULIUS: Adalbert! You see I am not the crown prince. I am second in succession. (He laughs).

ANN: Ah!

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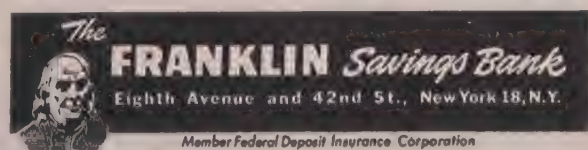
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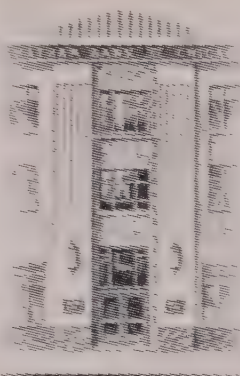
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JULIUS: Pardon me for jumping the fence to get into your park.

ANN: Oh, that's all right. Why did you do it?

JULIUS: To get a little fresh air. It's too stuffy in there. (Meaning the Savides villa which as we say is seen back stage).

ANN: Your palace?

JULIUS: Right. And especially on the stage of my palace. (Laughs again).

ANN: Air is free. Only hunting is not allowed on private property.

JULIUS: You are so kind. (Approaching still more). May I have your name?

ANN: Anniouska.

JULIUS: Are you Russian?

ANN: No. I found this spelling in a book once. My Godfather christened me Anna, and my folks call me Annoula.

JULIUS (Louder) That's it. That's what father calls you, too. Now I remember.

ANN: Your father, did you say? You mean your father knows me?

JULIUS: He must have heard about you.

ANN: About me? How? Isn't he a king then?

JULIUS (Laughing again) As much as I am a Prince. Anna, Annoula, Anniouska. I too have two names. They call me, John and Frederick, in the play.

ANN: What play.

JULIUS: (Astonished aside) Good heavens! She thinks I am a real prince. (To Ann) Nothing. Nothing. (Changing tone of his voice) A few minutes ago I saw you resting on these dry leaves, and you seemed to be asleep. Did you see any dreams?

ANN: No. I was not asleep. I was listening to the nightingale and watched the beautiful sky. But isn't this all just like a dream? What more could one dream about?

JULIUS: You are right. It is like a dream. But why does your maid insist on standing behind you? Must she listen to everything we have to say?

ANN: (Mechanically) Maria. Go away. (Slower) The Prince does not want you to hear everything we say. Go stay behind that tree. (Maria retires behind another tree).

JULIUS: And you, why do you stand? Wouldn't you like to sit down on this bench?

ANN: But there is no bench for you to sit down.

JULIUS: It's quite all right. I'll lean against this tree. Please do sit down?

ANN: (As she sits on bench vacated earlier by Maria) Thanks.

JULIUS: Why thank me. It is I who should thank you, because you stayed to talk to me. I thought I saw you turn to go into the house. Did you change your mind?

ANN: I didn't change my mind, but I couldn't go in.

JULIUS: Good! With you here the breeze is fresher and more life giving. But why did you say, you couldn't go in? Did you want to see what a Prince really looks like?

ANN: I guess so. Although I must admit, I feel now all princes are not like you. There must be a lot of Princes I wouldn't care to look at twice.

JULIUS: You are flattering me.

ANN: You must be used to suck talk in your court. But this time I speak the way I feel.

JULIUS: I too would like to tell you what I feel . . .

ANN: Tell me.

JULIUS: Oh, I don't know. I guess I can't. You said just now that you couldn't turn back to go into the house.

ANN: What has that to do with what you were going to say. (The two page boys appear with torches from the direction of the Savides Villa).

PAGE A!: There he is, talking to her.

PAGE B!: Agis was right. Come. (They jump the fence and approach Julius. They bow when he sees them).

PAGE A!: (Bowing again) Your Royal Highness, you are late.

PAGE B!: The Court Chancellor requests your presence immediately. You have to receive in the Throne Room.

JULIUS: Ah, yes. Quite right. You see I almost forgot. You will excuse me, of course.

PAGE A!: (Aside to Julius) And be quick about it too.

JULIUS: (To Ann who has been following the whole scene in a rapturous mood) As I said, you must excuse me. But I'll be right back. I have to receive one or two ambassadors right away. Official business, you know. But I'll be back. You will wait for me?

ANN: I will wait for you.

JULIUS: Thank you and goodbye for the present.

ANN: Goodbye. (Julius with the two pages on each side walks ceremoniously toward the fence. When he is out of hearing of Ann he confides to the two Pages).

JULIUS: You want to hear something? She thinks I am a real Prince.

PAGE A!: That's what Agis thought, too. So he sent us to bring you back with royal honors.

PAGE B!: Better shake a leg, both of you, or you won't make it.

PAGE A!: Don't blame him. It's the moonlight. (They go over the fence. Anna and Maria watch them disappear in awe. Ann rushes to Maria. Takes her hand).

ANN: (Excited) And they tell you there are no real Princes except in books. Did you see him? Eh, Maria? Did you see him?

MARIA: I did. And it's awfully strange. Do you really think he is a Prince?

ANN: What are you talking about! You don't suppose we have been dreaming, and with our eyes open, too?

MARIA: No. We are not dreaming. For a while I wasn't sure. So I pinched myself. I see we are very much awake. But I was wondering, perhaps he came from a masquerade party.

ANN: A masquerader. Maria! Do you know of a masquerade ball around here? Was he wearing a mask?

MARIA: Perhaps he is, an actor.

ANN: An actor? What would an actor be doing here?

MARIA: He told you that's his palace over there. Isn't that the Savides Villa?

ANN: Savides is a wealthy industrialist? What's wrong if he should be host to a Prince and his court?

MARIA: Well, I was thinking . . .

ANN: Don't talk, Maria. Don't spoil this wonderful dream. I like it. I want to believe that it is so.

MARIA: But even if he is not a Prince . . .

ANN: (Interrupting her) Stop I say.

MARIA: But I beg of you. What I wanted to say is that even if he should not be a Prince, he is a handsome fellow.

ANN: (Happy) True. So very true. Did you ever see a handsomer man, Maria? I never dreamt one could be as handsome — pretty as a picture as they say. And that angel face . . . But then if he is not a Prince, who is he? A baker? I can only picture him a poet. (The last words slowly as if she has been enraptured with the whole proceedings).

MARIA: Suppose then we go in now. Its getting late.

ANN: (Coming back to herself from reverie) No, Maria. He told me to wait. He is coming back.

MARIA: What for?

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ANN: To tell me something he didn't have time to say when his pages called him away. His pages with the beautiful angelic faces. (Once again she sinks in reverie).

MARIA: I see. I have a suspicion, but I won't say nothing. You will scold me.

ANN: Don't say it. I don't want to hear it. I don't care for common prosaic things. If I see a dream, I don't want to wake up. Don't remind me of Sancho Panza.

MARIA: Who is he?

ANN: He is not. He was a bad man who used to wake up his master every time he had a beautiful dream.

MARIA: How was he to know when not to wake him up? If it was time for his master to get up, he just had to get up. And now I say to you, young lady it is time that we should go into the house.

ANN: I won't move from here. As a matter of fact I am going to sit down. (Sits on bench) Like this. Now throw the shawl over my shoulder. It's getting cooler.

MARIA: (As she adjusts shawl on her) But it's getting late, too. It's after ten, already.

ANN: What of it? Papa and mama are already sound asleep. If they see us come in, I'll tell them it's only nine o'clock. How could they tell? (Suddenly) Enough of this, Maria. (She keeps on looking in the direction of the fence, day-dreaming and as if talking to herself) He is the essence of all that is. Handsome as the sun. Sweet-tongued as the bird. Sweet-smelling as the fragrant flower.

MARIA: Did you smell him?

ANN: I am not talking to you. You wouldn't understand. anyway. Do we smell all these flowers that lie around us now? Still don't we feel their fragrance from afar?

MARIA: A flower is something else.

ANN: A young man, a handsome young man if like that too. Just like a flower. Let me ask you, Maria. Wouldn't you rather go to bed? I don't mind, you know. I can stay here alone.

MARIA: I cannot leave you even if you stay here till midnight. I am not sleepy.

ANN: When he comes back you go behind that tree again. He may not like it if you stand around when he talks to me. You heard him before.

MARIA: Very well. Let's see first if he would come back.

ANN: He gave me his word. Why there he is now. (She stands up in ecstatic joy) Get back there, Maria. Hide.

(Julius jumps the fence and is approaching Anna smiling. She with her silken shawl which takes an unusual silvery lure in the moonlight and makes her look tall, rushes towards him too. They meet near the tree. He grasps her hand. Maria hides in the meantime).

JULIUS: I am so happy you waited for me. I was afraid you might go in. Did you wait long?

ANN: You are not late, if that's what you mean. Somehow I knew you would come back. Are you through from over there?

JULIUS: I am done with them. Now I can stay as long as you want me to. No one will bother us again.

ANN: How beautiful!

JULIUS: Let's sit down somewhere. That shawl does something to you . . . how ravishing beautiful in the moonlight . . . (They walk together) How old are you?

ANN: Twenty. And you?

JULIUS: Twenty six.

ANN: I took you for 22.

JULIUS: Here's that bench.

ANN: And you?

JULIUS: I'll lean against the tree, as before.



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ANN: Hold it. Pull that swing down from that branch.
Can you reach it?

JULIUS: I guess so. (Untangles swing).

ANN: Fine. I'll take the swing and you sit on the bench,
near me. (She pulls bench near swing).

JULIUS: Now we are all set. Do you like to swing?

ANN: Not much. I had forgotten about the swing till
tonight.

JULIUS: To make a seat out of it?

ANN: Exactly. It serves me as a seat occasionally.

JULIUS: Perhaps you want to swing now.

ANN: No thanks. See, I am holding fast. By the way,
what was it you wanted to tell me, when they called you away?

JULIUS: Lot's of time for that. I told you they won't come
to take me away anymore.

ANN: But I am curious to know.

JULIUS: It's nothing important.

ANN: On the contrary. It must be important if you
hesitate so. You were going to tell me just how you really felt
that moment. Remember?

JULIUS: I do now. But first let me ask you something.
Do you believe in love at first sight?

ANN: No never! I have not yet loved a man, no matter
how many times I had seen one.

JULIUS: Same with me, up to tonight. But tonight,
why, I could never believe it.

ANN: Tonight? But tonight you have seen only me for
the first time.

JULIUS: It is you.

ANN: (Ecstatic) What? Me? And you loved me the first
time you saw me?

JULIUS: I saw you more than once. I saw you earlier
from the garden. You did not see me, but I saw you strolling
in your park, and from that moment I have been hanging in
the garden to get a glimpse of you. Finally it was too much
and I jumped the fence to come here.

ANN: It is true then. Oh I am so happy. It is true that
you love me.

JULIUS: I never thought I'd tell you, but here I am
telling you everything.

ANN: (Grasping his hand) And I too, I love you. I too
have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I lied when
I said I have never loved anyone. I have loved tonight.

JULIUS: Are you sure?

ANN: That I love you? With all my heart. I love you.

JULIUS: And you wouldn't change your mind no matter
what happened to me tomorrow?

ANN: Impossible. How could I ever learn anything bad
about you?

JULIUS: And you would accept to become my wife under
all circumstances?

ANN: You mean you ask me to marry you? You love me
so much, you make me this honor to ask me? . . .

JULIUS: Yes I do. And what's more, one of these days,
I'll come and ask your father for your hand.

ANN: Yes, but do you know who my father is?

JULIUS: I do. Your father is George Drosinos. Isn't
that right?

ANN: Right. But how do you know?

JULIUS: I told you before. My father knows your father.

ANN: Incredible. But I still don't understand.

JULIUS: Don't ask me now. You will learn all in due time.
Here in this beautiful park, on this glorious moonlit night, while
the nightingale sings and the cricket chirps nearby here where
you sit in your swing and I on this bench here I would like
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ANN: Your proposal?

JULIUS: Not that either.

ANN: Our love?

JULIUS: Yes. Our love. (Puts his hands around her)

Tell me, Anna, do you really love me as much as you said?
Do you love me with all your soul?

ANN: With all my being would be more like it.

JULIUS: Darling. (They kiss. In the meantime Maria, who has been following everything from behind the tree, now comes forward hurriedly. At the same time from behind the fence we see, the Old Chancellor, the Queen, the Princess and the two pages. They all jump the fence and come forward in a regal procession. Maria sees them too and rushes to the pair of lovers who are still in each other's arms, calling aloud).

MARIA: They are watching you!

JULIUS: (Jumps up) What do they want here?

ANN: (Ecstatic at the sight of the regal procession) Why, it is the Queen!

OC: (Proceeds and bows) Your Highness, what has delayed you again? (To Ann) Pardon us, Miss. The Prince has a few more urgent functions to attend to.

JULIUS: (Serious) Darn it. I forgot. (To Ann) Good night, Miss (slowly and sort of privately) Just as we said. He offers his hand to the Queen. They leave in solemn procession in the order they entered.

ANN: (Still dazed at the surprised development. This is a night full of miracles, a night full of witchery.

MARIA: To tell you the truth, Miss, I am confounded myself.

ANN: It is a dream Maria. A wonderful dream. God, I wish that I'll never wake up.

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END OF ACT TWO

ACT III.

(In the Third Act quite realistically Ann and Julius find a way out of the Fantasy and finally get married).

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(Continued from Page 17)

certainly well received by his readers, because this language was not a composite of elements from different dialects but mirrored the speech which was being developed in the Panhellenic center of Athens.

"What Kostis Palamas is in modern Greek poetry Xenopoulos is in modern Greek prose." This judgment was once expressed in "Noumas" by Demetrios Tangopoulos, the editor of this literary magazine, behind which was Palamas himself, and it is valid with many. Even Palamas himself accepted it, as Xenopoulos tells us (*Nea Estia* 34 (1943) no. 397, p. 12a). And yet in influence with the reading public Gregory Xenopoulos is far ahead of any other prosewriter and of the poets; George Drosinis (1859-1951), poet and prosewriter, presumably follows Xenopoulos as second in popularity; Xenopoulos was in the very fore of those who contributed most to the establishment of Modern Greek as the new literary medium, which has become now the literary language of the literary writers and of the Greek nation.

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NOTE: On the relationship of Solomos, Palamas, Kavafis and some others to Common Modern Greek I speak in my forthcoming book: "The Rise of Common and Literary Modern Greek in the 19th and 20th Centuries". I am indebted to my friend Stavros Scopeteas, librarian of the Library of the Greek Parliament, Athens (Greece), for considerable assistance in sending me information and checking references, etc., for me; it is, therefore, my pleasure to acknowledge his valuable help here.—D.J.G.

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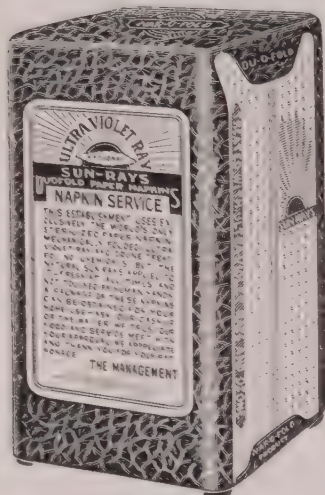
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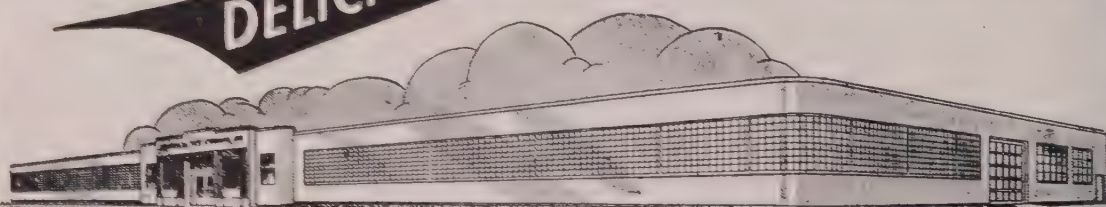
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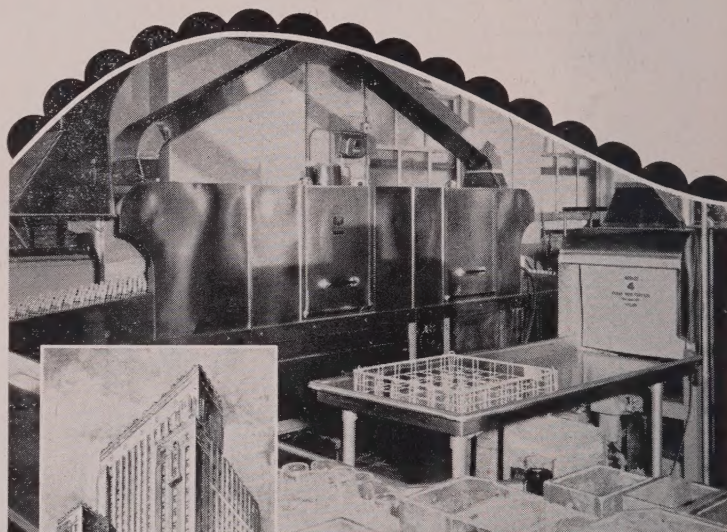
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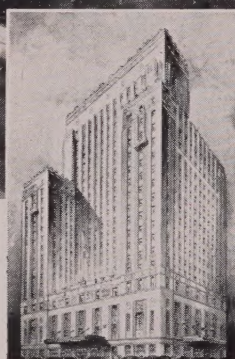
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